THE
NATION

JANUARY 25, 1958 . . 25c

IDIOT'S ORBIT
Cold War in a Lunar Age
by STRINGFELLOW BARR

Boris Morros: Myth of a Hero
by FRED J. COOK

More Than Dulles Must Go
by GEOFFREY BARRACLOUGH

The Charles C. Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER to BULGANIN

[At the same time that Mr. and Mrs. Corliss Lamont posted the following letter to Premier Bulganin, they mailed a similar appeal to President Eisenhower. The Lamonts, long-time advocates of American-Soviet understanding, have made two extended visits to the USSR. They wrote one book, Russia: Day by Day (1933), *in collaboration. Mr. Lamont is also the author of* The Peoples of the Soviet Union (1946), Soviet Civilization (1952) *and other books. He was chairman of the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship (1943-46). For many years he has been active in defense of civil liberties. He is now a Lecturer on Philosophy at Columbia University.—Ed.]*

January 18, 1958

The Honorable Nikolai A. Bulganin
Premier of the U.S.S.R.
The Kremlin
Moscow

Your Excellency:

In your New Year's message to President Eisenhower you spoke eloquently of "the great, ardent dream of humanity—to create a firm peace on earth." Yet today the continued threat of a third world war that could annihilate mankind creates universal fear and darkens our hopes for the future. Despite many disarmament conferences over the past decade and now fresh attempts for substantial East-West negotiations, little real progress has been made toward disarmament in either nuclear or conventional weapons.

Repeated discussions on the part of the American, British and Soviet Governments have failed to achieve agreement for a cessation of hydrogen-bomb tests. Yet the continuance of these tests, with their cumulative effect in increasing radioactive fall-out, constitutes a grave menace to the health and genetic soundness the whole human race.

Since there appears to be slight prospect at present for an international pact to halt H-bomb tests, we urge, Mr. Premier, that your nation take the initiative and stop further tests of this sort on a unilateral basis, for a temporary period of at least one year.

Such a step would catch the imagination of mankind and be a great dramatic action that might break the international stalemate; it would give an immense stimulus to disarmament and the abolition of nuclear weapons altogether; and it would help make successful any serious East-West negotiations that took place after the Soviet Union's cessation of H-bomb tests. We can also hope that the American and British Governments would follow the example of the U.S.S.R., thus paving the way for a formal agreement on the matter with the Soviet Government.

It does not seem to us that the Soviet Government and the Soviet people have anything to lose by suspending H-bomb tests for a self-enforcing trial period. In fact, this proposal is clearly in the self-interest of both the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. Both countries, we understand, are already amply equipped with H-bombs for military purposes. In any case, we do not think that either country intends to launch a military attack on the other.

We write to you as individuals who for twenty-five years have been active in work for international peace, and American-Soviet understanding and cooperation. Today we note sadly that these aims are still far from being fulfilled. We make this earnest appeal to you, Premier Bulganin, in the spirit of Albert Schweitzer's Declaration of Conscience, because we desire above all things to have our children and grandchildren, the American people and the Soviet people, and indeed all humanity, live in a peaceful world free from the burden of armaments and the dread of extermination. We are convinced that if the Soviet Union took the lead and halted H-bomb tests, it would mean a great advance toward peace. And all the peoples of the world would surely applaud your Government.

We have sent a similar communication to President Eisenhower concerning United States policy and are enclosing a copy for your information.

Sincerely yours,
CORLISS LAMONT
MARGARET I. LAMONT

New York City

LETTERS

The Lions of Wrath

Dear Sirs: I should like to reply to Samuel J. Beck's letter (*The Nation*, Jan. 11, 1958)—not, I may say, that Mr. Rexroth's piece (Vivisection of a Poet, *The Nation*, December 14) needs defending, nor that Mr. Rexroth isn't capable of saying so himself.

As it happens, I got the same letter Mr. Rexroth did, from the Institute of Personality Assessment and Research. two single-spaced pages of the dizziest jargon I have seen for a while, inviting me, fare and expenses paid, to California etc., and a fee, etc., so they could watch me interact, etc. I'm afraid I thought

(*Continued on page 88*)

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

61 ●

ARTICLES

63 ● Idiot's Orbit: Cold War in a Lunar Age
by STRINGFELLOW BARR

65 ● Fund-Raising II: One Drive—or Many
by J. L. PIMSLEUR

68 ● More Than Dulles Must Go
by GEOFFREY BARRACLOUGH

70 ● Boris Morros: Myth of a Hero
by FRED J. COOK

74 ● People to People
by DAN WAKEFIELD

76 ● W. E. B. DuBois: Prophet in Limbo
by TRUMAN NELSON

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

80 ● The Writer Fights Back
by GERALD SYKES

81 ● Boom (poem)
by HOWARD NEMEROV

82 ● Communiques from Dixie
by HARRY GOLDEN

83 ● Max Lerner at Mid-Century
by NORMAN REDLICH

84 ● Meditation (poem)
by RUTH HERSCHBERGER

85 ● Underdeveloped Americans
by DONALD S. TAYLOR

85 ● For Rachel (poem)
by BRUCE FEARING

86 ● Theatre
by HAROLD CLURMAN

87 ● Music
by LESTER TRIMBLE

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 88)
by FRANK W. LEWIS

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts

Harold Clurman, Theatre
M. L. Rosenthal, Poetry
Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

Staff Contributors: W. Macmahon Ball, Carolus, Maxwell Geismar, Harvey O'Connor, Andrew Roth, Howard K. Smith, Dan Wakefield, Alexander Werth, H. H. Wilson.

The Nation, Jan. 25, 1958. Vol. 186, No. 4

The Nation, published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1958, in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class mail privileges authorized at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Prices Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three years $20. Additional postage per year, Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs, Information Service, Dramatic Index.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1958
VOLUME 186, NUMBER 4

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Cold Cash and the Cold War

The President's budget carries a heavy charge of political dynamite that, if ignited, could disrupt the broad bipartisan coalition that has consistently supported cold-war policies and budgets in the past. Last year's budget threatened to touch off a revolt in business circles largely because the President had failed to cut domestic programs as heavily as George Humphrey and other advisers had recommended. But business was still good and the Administration was able to put down the revolt without too much difficulty. For one thing, the other major interest groups did not join in; agriculture aside, the cutbacks in domestic programs were not severe; moreover, many major groups benefited directly or indirectly from military appropriations. By now, however, conditions have changed: the business outlook is clouded, there is no prospect of a tax cut, and military appropriations will be increased.

Faced with this situation, business interests are assailing the budget because it does not cut enough from domestic programs, while non-business interests are outraged that any cuts at all should be proposed. The new budget, it will be noted, proposes the first retrenchment in "welfare state" programs since the Roosevelt Administration set most of them in motion. School children, the needy aged, the blind, the mentally retarded and the totally disabled are all called upon to make major sacrifices for national defense. Federal aid to school construction, a "must" last year, has been abandoned; there will be no new "starts" in water-resource development; less will be spent for hospitals, housing, public works, rural electrification, vocational education and many other items. In the military budget, the emphasis has been shifted in a way that will adversely affect particular industries, unions, commodities and communities. The President has cut back the older, conventional programs in favor of missiles, for which new appropriations are up by approximately the amount that manned aircraft appropriations are down. But missile construction requires fewer workers and less "metals" than aircraft; and while the aggregate amount appropriated may be larger, it will be shared by fewer companies. Subcontractors will be adversely affected. Textile and other "soft" industries will be hit by the cutbacks in conventional military procurement items. Thus, the new budget will increase the number of particular grievances at the same time that it steps up the volume of general protest. The disgruntlement over continued high taxes, for example, is general. And who is not appalled by a budget which allocates $47.3 billion or 64 per cent of the total, to national security costs?

Time, in a relaxed comment on the budget entitled "Gain Without Pain," concludes that "the average man who is not an Indian or a farmer is likely to feel a fresh pang of cold-war sacrifice only when he buys a 5c stamp." But satisfaction with the budget will not be determined merely by the size of the tax bill; the volume of unemployment, the behavior of the stock market, the redistribution of defense contracts, cutbacks in domestic programs that vitally affect the well-being of particular regions and communities, and many other facts, are also relevant. An Associated Press survey (January 12) notes that despite the sputniks, the American people "face 1958 more worried about cold cash than the cold war"; "there is no universal fear" but there is "a clamor for change in foreign policy." Of those interviewed 54.7 per cent feel that a change is needed.

In a word, we have at long last reached the point

JAN 23 '58

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

where we cannot have both guns and butter—not to mention more guns and more butter—without a sharp increase in taxes or sacrifices of one kind or another. Last year the discontent was largely confined to business and financial circles; this year it promises to be sharper and more widespread. The political implications of all this are clear. A fight over this year's budget could foreshadow the dissolution of the coalition of interest-groups that, whatever their differences, have enthusiastically supported cold-war policies for the last decade.

Cold-War Diehards

To the extent that the coalition of interests supporting the cold war is shaken, the prospects brighten for a politics of peace. These prospects would be bright, indeed, if the Democratic Party were prepared to break with its cold-war past and chart a bold new course. But diehards continue to dictate Democratic pronouncements on foreign policy. Former Secretary of State Dean Acheson's bitter and arrogant attack on George Kennan, which was promptly endorsed by Mr. Truman, is merely the latest striking confirmation that the Democrats are still committed, officially at least, to the rigid, unworkable formulas of the cold war. The European critics of Mr. Dulles will be pained to note that Mr. Kennan's views have been repudiated by Mr. Acheson in the name of the Democratic Party. With one or two exceptions—a mild protest by Senator Humphrey and an editorial in the New York *Post*—no voices were raised to challenge Mr. Acheson's right to speak for his party. As this attack makes clear, the Democratic criticism of Mr. Dulles is primarily directed at the man and his methods (see: Geoffrey Barraclough's article p. 68), not at the stated objectives of his policy. Nor is this surprising. Mr. Dulles did not fashion the policies he pursues so doggedly; their course was set in the postwar period by Mr. Truman and Mr. Acheson, with an assist, at the outset, by Mr. Kennan. Mr. Kennan now frankly concedes that some of the assumptions on which he based his famous "containment" paper were erroneous and, as the Reith Lectures make clear, his thinking is responsive to new happenings and developments. But Messrs. Acheson and Truman remain committed to the dogmas of 1947 and 1949; if it were their decision to make, the tempo of the cold war would be accelerated. The Democratic Party cannot respond to the large and growing demand for a new policy so long as its pronouncements on foreign policy are dictated by men who persist in the delusion that, from a position of strength, peace can be dictated on our terms.

Hypnopaedia

Last month the board of supervisors of Tulare County, California, approved a sleep-teaching program designed, according to the San Francisco *Chronicle*, "to inculcate prisoners at Tulare County's Woodland Road Camp with the principles of moral living." Each night, as a prisoner falls asleep, a microphone hidden beneath his pillow whispers, at hourly intervals, a ten-minute inspirational message on goodness which closes with the words, "I am filled with love and compassion for all, so help me God." The initiator of this remarkable proceeding is the county's public defender, John Locke, whose seventeenth century namesake was the author, appropriately enough, of a book called *Thoughts on Education*. To encourage prisoner participation, which is on a voluntary basis, Mr. Locke is now seeking permission to grant each participant two days a month "good time" probation, plus an additional two days for those who "manifest results in their behavior."

Clearly, the future with which Aldous Huxley dealt in *Brave New World* is overtaking us with awesome rapidity. In this book, a gentleman who bears the title of Director of Hatcheries and Conditioning, assures the reader that hypnopaedia, or sleep-teaching, is the greatest moralizing and socializing force of all time. Recalling the error of early experimenters, who tried to make hypnopaedia an instrument for developing the intellect, he warns: "Moral education ought never, in any circumstances, be rational. There must be words, but words without reason."

Those "Top-Secret" Reports

Now another top-secret report has become a matter of national notoriety. A staff of over a hundred men, including thirty ranking scientists of the Operations Research Office of Johns Hopkins University, worked three years to prepare a sixteen-volume survey, known by the code number R17, which deals with the subject of active defense. On the understanding that nothing would be revealed "directly from the report," the Army authorized one of its authors to comment on it. This scientist—Dr. Thornton Page—made several points that relate to matters of vital public concern. He said, for example, that the scientists who worked on the report do not believe in great expenditures for bomb and radiation shelters; a point of diminishing returns is soon reached with any passive defense system. Even active defense systems, which offer better returns, soon become obsolete. But the top-secret Gaither Report—which has received even wider comment—stresses the importance of bomb and radiation shelters. What conclusion is the public to draw from this conflicting expert testimony?

Perhaps the Administration is correct in its insistence that top-secret reports should retain this classification. But if the Administration cannot prevent "leaks" or put a stop to "limited" comment, then it might be a good idea to release both R17 and the Gaither Report if only to halt their exploitation by Pentagon politi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cians. Nowadays the best way to insure a good press for a report is to give it a top-secret classification and then leak portions of it or authorize limited comment. No one can check the authenticity of the portions leaked or determine if the limited comment is negated or qualified by undisclosed portions. "Top-secret" is rapidly coming to mean: "intended for widest possible comment through controlled channels."

Mixed Judgment

A striking example of the numbing effect that prolonged exposure to the cold war is having on democratic thought was offered recently by a United States District Court judge in Detroit. Judge Ralph Freeman, reversing the decision of the Selective Service Appeal Board, declared that a college student, Peter Horst, was a valid conscientious objector and should not be punished as a draft dodger. Young Horst belongs to no religious group—the customary basis for claiming exemption on grounds of scruple—but was able to produce witnesses to the depth and sincerity of his convictions.

In releasing him, Judge Freeman paid service to the now little-observed principle that a free man is the servant only of his own conscience. But he also took occasion to denounce Horst's views, saying, "There would be nothing left for us—not even a way of life—if his opinions were shared by all men of his age." Since a theologian, testifying for Horst, had declared that "love is the central force in his life," and since Horst took the position that his convictions prevented him from attempting harm to any man, it looks as though Judge Freeman, while defending the Bill of Rights, has shied a rock at the Sermon on the Mount.

Idiot's Orbit: Cold War in a Lunar Age . . *Stringfellow Barr*

BY THE LIGHT of two moons—the old, familiar one that always used to rhyme with June, plus the remaining Red one the Russians launched—I have been studying both Messages to Congress on the State of the Union: the one from Senator Lyndon Johnson of Texas and the later one from President Eisenhower. Moreover, with so many moons and messages circling about, I have been taking advantage of the unusual supply of moonshine to run through a batch of clippings on my desk. All of them deal with public reactions to our national crisis and especially our educational crisis, a subject in which I have been keenly interested for some thirty years. The clippings convince me that, as several original speakers have put it, this is America's finest hour and an hour which calls for sweat and toil if we are to avoid another hour of blood and tears. It is these concise summaries of our problem that strike me most as I thumb through my clippings. If not all of us seem to keep our feet on the ground while discussing this problem, we may surely be pardoned: in his Message on the State of the Union, Senator Johnson aptly points out that "the ground beneath us when we last met has largely been swept away."

Raising his sights, and thereby elevating the problem, Senator Johnson also points out that America must secure "the ultimate position . . . of total control over earth that lies somewhere in space." I believe that if the Pentagon can secure this control, we shall have gone a long way towards securing that situation of strength in the cold war that intermittently eludes us. One quality I like about both Senator Johnson's message and the President's is their elevation of tone, though they achieve this elevation by interestingly divergent means. The President habitually deals in extremely high moral principles and thereby avoids the destructive controversy that he would risk arousing if he came down to cases, so to speak; and Senator Johnson calls us to conquer control of outer space rather than nibble at the problem here on earth—where, in any case, it has become well-nigh insoluble, at least by military means. This soaring method of solving our problems is, if I may be excused an apparent piece of jingoism, worthy of the American Eagle; and it is also worthy of what might be called This Lunar Age. The same lunar quality characterizes much of the comment before me.

Thus, while CBS News admits that "we may have to change the climate of American society" and even "restore some of the attitudes and values of our Founding Fathers," Captain Howard T. Orville, the chairman of the Advisory Committee on Weather Control, is quoted as saying, according to *The New York Times*, that "if the Soviet Union should win the race for global weather control, the results could be even more disastrous than nuclear warfare." We therefore face, I judge, the double problem of changing the climate both figuratively and literally; and there ought to be enough toil and sweat in that assignment to keep us on the jump to an extent that would amaze the Founding Fathers. But then, this is indeed our finest hour and even, I gather, an hour of challenge. It is certainly, as Vice President Nixon declared in a ringing speech to the American Football Coaches Association — a group, incidentally, that is responsi-

---

STRINGFELLOW BARR, author of the just-published Purely Academic, *a satirical novel, was formerly president of St. John's College, Annapolis, and is now professor of humanities at Rutgers University.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ble for much that is finest in our higher education and that is decently paid, to boot—it is certainly "no time to get out the crying towel or throw in the sponge."

And Mr. Nixon assured the coaches that under the leadership of President Eisenhower the American people would not be allowed "to become smug, complacent and overconfident." This last statement has so reassured me that it is only through deliberate patriotic effort that I can maintain the sense of urgency that I am constantly being urged to maintain, as my contribution toward the Cold War in a Lunar Age.

ONE reason this is a time, so to speak, to try men's souls is that with the Gaither Report still under lock and key, for fear that voters like myself might panic if we read it; with Mr. Hagerty assuring me, in effect, that there is nothing in it to cause panic; and with Joseph Alsop suggesting darkly that it would scare me to death—with this complex situation we face, there is a feeling abroad that almost anything could happen. Even something good. For example, I may wake up some moonlit night, restlessly turn on my radio, and learn that the Pentagon has simply skipped the moon and placed an expeditionary force on Mars, led quite possibly by Senator Johnson as Chief Muttnik. Then, instead of the Russians looking down on us from the moon, a thing I constantly dread, we would be looking down on the Russians, since—at least from a purely terrestrial point of view—the moon is low-down stuff compared with Mars. On the other hand, Senator Johnson might be declared psychologically unfit to make the journey: a leading psychologist has suggested that Eskimos or Buddhist monks might make good crew members and that a person with mild schizophrenic tendencies might be effective as a one-man crew, but probably not as a team member.

That anything could happen is reflected by the clippings before me. I have already quoted a weather expert as saying that if the Russians grab control of the weather before we can grab it, the results "could be" more disastrous than nuclear warfare. The mild schizophrenic "might be" a better one-man crew of a space ship than a Buddhist monk; but I as a voter have no assurance that a Buddhist monk "might" not run rings around a schizophrenic at the very moment when a sense of urgency was most needed. The U.S. Chamber of Commerce stated on January 3 that any Administration proposal to aid scientific education was "likely" to be hiding "the same old meddling government in a spanking new space-age dress." Note that this is likely but apparently not certain, so far as the Chamber's thinking has gone to date. Two days later *The New York Times* lent editorial support to a school-aid bill and declared that "Every thinking citizen obviously has the responsibility of helping to meet the challenge posed by this great need." Well, I am a citizen, anxious to meet challenges responsibly; and I think that I am thinking. But there are so many things that "could be" and "might be" and "may be" worth thinking about that I feel a little at a loss. Again, General Gavin says that "control of the surface of the moon may be of tremendous importance to the Western world in the foreseeable future." See? It "may be," although General Gavin seems uncertain; and his uncertainty paralyzes me as a citizen when I try to act responsibly. Admiral Rickover says it is "almost" too late to overcome the Soviet lead in weapons of modern warfare; but he doesn't say how much time I have left. And even Speaker Rayburn: "I think the situation in the world makes it so that we are in a struggle for survival or may be at any time." "Or may be": there is that gnawing doubt again, and my resultant indecision.

Every three weeks or so, I mention my bewilderment to my barber, a character named Alfredo. Al came over here from Sicily when he was a kid and is cheerfully confident that the Lunar Era cannot last. "Let 'em talk," he says. "It's an election year."

"But what would you do?" I asked him the last time I got a haircut.

"First things first," he said, "like the President says. Leave the moon be. We got a lotta jobs down here, like I got your hair to do. See?"

"Would you recognize Red China?" I demanded.

He stood back and half closed his eyes and studied my hairline judiciously.

"How many Chinamen Red China got?" he asked.

"I don't know. Maybe six hundred million."

"Better reco'nize 'em," said Al. "They're down here."

"What about disarmament?" I said.

"Whatta Russia say now?"

"She claims she wants to cut down arms if we will."

"O.K. Tell 'em: Come on in here and shut the door behind you, and let's talk about it. Us and them, we're both down here."

"Without first demanding evidence of good faith?"

"Don't do that!" he cried, with genuine alarm. "Russia just say: How we know you ain't lying too? No, take their boys and our boys off and shut the door. By the way, how we doin' with our Allies?"

"Not so well. They want us to negotiate."

"Sounds good," said Al. "Don't it?"

"But they're scared of Dulles. They're scared Dulles will just pretend to negotiate."

"Could we get Eisenhower to fire Dulles?"

"I don't think so. Dulles is so moral. And the President is very moral, too."

"Well," said Al, "that's a tough one. I'll have to think about that one. Is there more problems?"

"Unemployment is growing," I said, "and if we start disarming, it'll grow faster. Also, Indonesia may go Communist. So may a lot of other countries, where the government hasn't got enough money to get things in motion."

"Ain't we helpin' 'em? Ain't the U.N. helpin' 'em? I thought we was both helpin' 'em."

"Well," I said, "we Americans mostly give them weapons. If we help them develop their economic production, they say we interfere with the way they do it. They say we try to line them up against Russia, too."

"Well, let 'em get help from U.N."

"The U.N.," I said, "can't help much. The poorer countries have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tried to get the U.N. to take over the problem, with every country contributing. They've tried for nine years. But how can we Americans contribute that much to the U.N.? We need all our funds to defend the poorer countries against Russia. We need our funds for weapons. They claim we could do the job cheaper by not trying to do it alone and they believe Congress would see the point. But then Dulles wouldn't have all that economic aid to back up our policies."

Al sighed, lathered my hairline around the ears, and murmured: "So we're back to Dulles. And yet, if we got all those Asiatics buildin' dams and roads, wouldn't they be a market for our goods? Wouldn't that help make jobs here for the unemployed?"

"Yes," I said, "it would; but I think Dulles prefers it this way. Of course, federal aid for schools would open up jobs, too; but Eisenhower has to balance the budget."

I paid Al and left. He had sounded so reasonable; but that could be because he was less well informed than Dulles. Besides, is there time now to be reasonable? It is later than we think. As General Groves stated in December, "We must always keep ahead. We must be like the pioneer in the Indian tales of James Fenimore Cooper who keeps ahead of the Indians pursuing him from page to page or he's done for. . . ."

It is this page-to-page, science-fiction quality in the present Great Debate that makes it so hard for me to follow what is said. Besides, my mind is too crowded with images, images of things I have seen and heard and smelled, wandering about South America and Africa and Asia, observing projects of economic development, talking with prime ministers and peasants. I tend now to see the world through their eyes and not through those of Secretary Dulles. If I too may steal a phrase, I do not recognize the world Secretary Dulles thinks he is dealing with. Nor, I note with cold comfort, do our military Allies. But when I turn from those images to the three decades I have spent in college teaching, and the one decade I spent in college administration, then I listen with horror to the talk of crash programs in mathematics and science when there are so much more important reasons for teaching these subjects for all four years in every liberal arts college. If only we could exploit the rise of the Red Moons to get our educational house in order. And to finance it seriously for the first time, but especially to get it in order.

This morning's *Times* carries two front-page stories that strike my eye. One of them states that President Eisenhower's budget message includes "a dramatic request by the President for funds to deal with military developments that cannot now even be imagined" — "push-button weapons," the *Times* surmises. An adjacent column announces cuts in health, welfare and education: reportedly the plan is "to cut back to a 50-50 matching of federal funds with the states on assistance to the needy aged, dependent children, the blind and the totally disabled." I had wondered who, when the chips were down, would make the sacrifices Mr. Eisenhower called for. And now I am wondering whether, instead of manning our space ships with Buddhist monks, who are very scarce in America, we could not persuade some of these needy aged and dependent children to volunteer. The Russians have already tried it on the dog. And the needy aged and dependent children can hardly feel very much wanted here. We shall, of course, need the Eskimos to man listening posts in Alaska and Canada. As for "the persons with mild schizophrenic tendencies," these might — provided they get decidedly worse — enter our public life.

FUND-RAISING II:

ONE DRIVE — OR MANY? . . *by J. L. Pimsleur*

UNITED FUNDS are the center of a bitter controversy involving some of the largest segments of the national fund-raising industry. To many communities, the United Fund is the most sensible approach to the industry's critical problem: the multiplicity of campaigns and the duplication of costs and of effort they entail. But several of the most important national philanthropic agencies are convinced it represents a threat to their income and to their autonomy.

The issue has been sharpened by what the *Wall Street Journal,* in a survey covering a score of cities, last week called the "darkening prospects" for philanthropy in 1958. The current recession, falling market prices and rising sputniks are combining to discourage donations, fund-raisers fear. The smaller the pie, the sharper is likely to be the competition for slicing it. "The giving public," says the *Wall Street Journal,* "frequently is caught in the crossfire of the battle between groups who conduct independent campaigns and the combined drives, such as United Fund and Community Chest." And the competition between fund-raising agencies is not restricted to money; it is nearly as acute in their quest for volunteers.

The first United Fund was established by Detroit in 1949. Since then, the idea has spread rapidly; today, more than 1,200 funds have been organized, most of them on a city-wide basis, but some including suburban areas (several of which cross state lines). At this writing, only New York and Los Angeles, among

J. L. PIMSLEUR is a free-lance writer. This is the second of three articles on the fund-raising industry.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

major cities, are without a United Fund either in being or planned for the immediate future.

Despite this rapid growth, United Funds today account for only a small portion of the total annual philanthropic intake. In 1956, for instance, philanthropy raised a total of $6.1 billion; the United Funds' share was $247,000,000. This is partly because United Funds are never truly united; they rarely include—as theoretically they should—*all* the local and national agencies operating in the community. Most important, in this connection, is the attitude of the national agencies. Their cooperation—or lack of it—with the United Fund idea may determine the ultimate shape of philanthropy in this country.

Cooperation was at its height several years ago. No fund was truly united even then; the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, biggest and most successful of the health agencies, never permitted any of its 3,000 local affiliates to join a federated drive, and does not do so today. Up to 1955, however, all other large national agencies operated on a permissive basis; i.e., where a United Fund complied with national quota plans, local affiliates were permitted to join. But that year the American Heart Association, about half of whose chapters had joined local federated drives, prohibited any further joining. And only a few weeks ago the American Cancer Society, which had also been cooperating about 50 per cent with United Funds, ordered all its chapters to withdraw under the threat of revocation of charters.

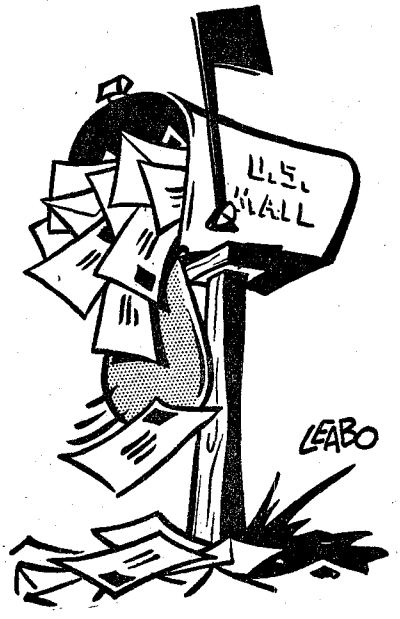
THE UNITED FUND tries to be exactly what its name implies—a single fund-raising campaign on behalf of constituent agencies which then share in the proceeds on the basis of fixed quotas negotiated beforehand. In practice, the directors of a United Fund, aware of the special position of the national agencies, usually accept any reasonable quota requested for a local affiliate.

United Fund supporters argue that the enthusiasm generated by a single, community-wide campaign, conducted once a year, will raise more money than many individual drives. At the same time, each member agency is relieved of the cost of its own money-raising, the over-all campaigning cost is reduced, and the ultimate beneficiaries of every agency get a bigger share of the philanthropic dollar. Fund advocates argue, too, that the United Fund makes possible the elimination of the occasional "racket" which plagues the fund-raising industry; and it also stimulates administration efficiency within each agency, since all budgets must be submitted to a central reviewing committee. Finally, it is argued, the United Fund eases giving for the average citizen, who no longer has to choose among dozens of causes whose relative worth he has neither the time nor the facilities to decide.

HOW REALISTIC are these claims?

Pittsburgh "went united" in 1956. This first drive went "over the top" by 13 per cent; every member agency received more than its quota when the money was distributed. The year before, under the multiple-campaign system, only six of 129 organizations conducting drives were able to meet their quotas. Moreover, fund-raising costs were held to 4.1 per cent, compared to about 8 per cent the previous year.

But Pittsburgh's United Fund was by no means united: Polio, Cancer and Heart conducted independent drives. All three suffered. Cancer and Heart were offered allocations totaling $460,000 to join; going it alone, their total take was much less than that. Heart reached only 60 per cent of its quota, raising about $50,000 less than it could have gotten from the United Fund. As for Polio, its income dropped 25 per cent, losing $75,000 in corporation contributions.



Critics of the united drive in Pittsburgh maintained that its initial success was due to the "upper echelon" of the business community, which had taken a leading part in its formation and were therefore determined not to let it fail. "Wait," said the critics, "until next year." But reports just in from the 1957 united drive indicate that it has again gone "over the top," even though the overall goal was set at a million dollars more than in 1956.

United Funds have not been uniformly successful; towns such as Greeley and Grand Junction, Colorado, and Travis, California, have tried and abandoned them after unsuccessful campaigns. Most experts agree the failures, when they occur, are due to inadequate planning and leadership. And the successes, according to independent testimony—and, in many cases, the irrefutable statistics—far outweigh the failures. Polio, for instance, has raised an average of 90 per cent of its goal for the last five years—an excellent record. But, during the same period, United Funds raised 97 per cent of their goals. Fund-raising costs for united drives run consistently less than 5 per cent of income (with none of the costs charged to member agencies). Polio averages 11 per cent of income for fund-raising; CARE, an organization with a consistently outstanding low-cost record, averages a little more than 7 per cent.

FORMER New York State Senator Tompkins, chairman of a legislative committee on philanthropic organizations which pioneered anti-rackets legislation in 1954, asserts that "United Funds are considerably more efficient than individual campaigns, mainly because they avoid duplication of fund-raising costs." David M. Church, executive director of the American Association of Fund-Raising Counsel, a non-profit member-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ship organization of professional fund-raisers, has said: "There is little doubt that United Funds are operated more efficiently. They attract the top leaders in most cities. Business executives, unless they have a personal interest in a particular cause, are primarily interested in serving the entire community rather than a single agency." Mr. Church's point is important: a successful fund-raising drive requires generous donations of time and effort, as well as of money, from the civic and business leaders of a community.

Organized labor joined management and officially endorsed federated fund-raising in 1956. "AFL-CIO members," labor's policy statement asserts, "are concerned that their freely given contributions be used to the maximum extent for the purposes for which they were given. It is an established fact that multiplicity of fund-raising campaigns is wasteful of both a community's resources and manpower. . . . Federated fund-raising based on sound community planning and budgeting will assure effective and intelligent expenditure of America's voluntary health and welfare dollar."

WHY, IN THE face of all this evidence, do some agencies persist in their lone-wolf policies? The most important of the reasons advanced is money; and no matter which way the statistics may seem to point, an adroit interpreter can make them look as if they point the other way. *Fortune,* in April, 1956, in a story on the Pittsburgh federated campaign, quoted Walter J. Kohler, former governor of Wisconsin and chairman of the American Cancer Society, as saying:

> Our units have been both in and out of the United Fund and our experience is a common one; where we conduct an independent drive, our support grows three times as fast as when we are in federation. . . . Between 1949 and 1956, money raised for Cancer by the United Funds increased from $150,000 to $300,000 in Michigan, but in neighboring Ohio money raised by independent Cancer drives grew from $100,000 to $1,300,000.

Governor Kohler, in these figures, compared the results of drives in Northern Michigan with all of Ohio. Not included in his calculations was Southern Michigan, where Detroit alone gave $711,398 to Cancer through its United Fund—more than twice the amount Kohler mentions as coming from Michigan. Moreover, the totals given for the independent drives are *gross* figures, from which fund-raising costs must be deducted; United Fund allocations are net. "Between 1952 and 1957," according to the United Community Funds and Councils, "United Fund allocations to the American Cancer Society increased 70.7 per cent. One-quarter of the reporting cities gave Cancer an increase of at least 50 per cent over what it had been making on its own."

Actually, no expert has ever made a definite statistical survey to determine how money can best be raised for Cancer—whether through independent campaigns or United Funds. The American Cancer Society has no quarrel with federated fund-raising in principle. It even admits that a consolidated effort may be best for the community. But it insists that federation is not best for Cancer. The association leaders cannot prove it, but they believe it. Theodore Adams, publicity director for Cancer in New York, sums up his organization's position: "Our business is to put ourselves out of business. The faster we are all out of a job the better we'll like it. We simply believe our goal will become a reality sooner if we remain completely independent and self-sufficient."

Other organizations feel the same way, either because they believe in the superior dramatic appeal of their cause, or because they have greater faith in their own fund-raising techniques—whether these be Muscular Dystrophy's telephons, or Polio's importing of flowers, dancers and singers (all expenses paid) from Haiti.

THE independent-minded national agencies have a list of grievances against the United Fund concept, most of which—but not all—touch on the hard-core problem of income. The major grievances, together with the replies of United Fund supporters, follow:

1. Local splinter groups in the United Fund eat away at the funds of the larger groups.

Why should local agencies be considered splinter groups? Since they are entirely local in character, from what did they splinter? Most of

Ten Commandments for Wise Giving

The following guide to intelligent giving was adopted at the 1955 and 1956 meetings of the National Conference on Solicitation, held in Cleveland, Ohio.

1. Inform yourself on the principles of the soliciting organization and the facts concerning its activities.
2. Remember that legitimate solicitors and agencies do not use high-pressure methods to force you to give before you are able to make inquiries.
3. Always ask a solicitor for identification.
4. Never agree to contribute in answer to a telephone call. Always ask for a formal letter accompanied by an annual report.
5. Never pay in cash. Pay by check.
6. Remember that you are not under obligation to buy any merchandise that you did not order. Nor are you under obligation to contribute to the organization which sent the merchandise, or to return the items. But do not use them.
7. Get positive identification before contributing to church, civic or benevolent groups.
8. Get proof that your donation is deductible if you are seeking tax exemption.
9. Be forewarned that a fancy string of names, flashed to impress, is no indication that the sponsors know that their names are being used.
10. When in doubt about a soliciting organization, call your local or national contributors' advisory and reporting service (if there is none in your community, inquire at the local Chamber of Commerce, Better Business Bureau, or similar organization).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them pre-date the national agencies. Many of them carry the direct service load for patient care that national agencies fail to perform—rehabilitation, out-patient clinics, hospital in-patient care, home nursing service, etc. The performance of such services leaves the national agencies freer to perform their cardinal function: research.

It is interesting that local agencies are accused of being splinter groups when there exists a multitude of national agencies each directed at a specific disease, rather than at developing a comprehensive health program. And even within this specialization, there is considerable splintering: fifteen agencies are operating in the field of blindness, five in cancer, three in muscular dystrophy, two in polio, etc.

2. The United Fund destroys the autonomy of the national agencies.

But the United Fund, says the United Community Funds and Councils, is not a policy-making organization. The final decision on program rests with each individual agency, and its board of directors adopts a budget with this program in mind. There is then negotiation with the United Fund on the agency's quota, or allocation. Where changes in program are indicated, policy decision still rests with the agency, which is free to leave the United Fund at any time.

3. The man in the street is satisfied with independent drives; it is big business which insists on United Funds to save executives' time and money.

Community after community—industrial and residential, metropolitan and rural—have endorsed the United Fund. United Fund and Chest campaigns now cover a total of 102,000,000 persons. In these cities, 27,000,000 adults contribute to their federated campaign. This is an indication of the widespread support which the United Fund has won. Endorsement has come not only from business, but from labor groups, civic organizations, medical associations and many other bodies.

4. Information and education are easier to spread when they concern a single cause rather than a package.

Non-partisan health educators say that a segmented approach to health, agency by agency, is not in the best interests of sound educational practices. A recent survey by the Harvard University School of Public Health declared:

> The multiplicity of voluntary agencies, with their separate campaigns and programs, constituted a major barrier to the acceptance of in-plant health education activities and created highly-charged negative attitudes in a majority of management and union respondents. . . .

5. Eliminating an agency's fund-raising program results in a loss of its volunteer leadership.

Experience over the years has proved that an agency need not lose its volunteer constituency by joining United Funds. The Boy Scouts and YMCAs are examples. It is simply a question of using the volunteers in connection with the agency's program instead of for fund-raising—surely, in a way, a more constructive job. Volunteers should be used for developing and carrying out the agency's education program, in working with the press and other media, as staff assistants in clinics, etc.

NEXT WEEK: What is the ultimate solution: private philanthropy or government welfare?

MORE THAN DULLES MUST GO . . *by Geoffrey Barraclough*

THE WORLD has made up its mind that Mr. Dulles must go. The historian (and the present writer begs leave, in this instance, to speak as historian) may well feel more cautious. What he knows of the immediate and distant past will lead him to doubt whether the removal of a single individual, taken alone, is likely to make much difference to the course of world events; he may even wonder—if he stops (for instance) to compare Eden and Macmillan—whether a change for the worse is not sometimes more likely than a change for the better. In any case, he will be impressed by the strength of tradition, the power of routine and the impetus of an administrative machine moving along a set course. He will, in short, think that the system is more durable than the man; and that, unless the man and the system are so closely identified—as in the case of Metternich—that the one falls with the other, a mere change of personalities will not produce a new direction.

NEVERTHELESS, in this case, I believe world opinion is right: Dulles must go. It is true that if opinion is merely seeking a scapegoat for the sputnik scare and the revelations of Russian superiority in intercontinental missiles which have followed—and this has certainly counted in the American revulsion against the "Dulles line"—it is right for the wrong reasons. No doubt, a statesman who sets out to follow a policy of military strength, and then turns out to lack the basic elements of military strength, is riding for a fall. But the operative reasons go deeper and are more imperative. The first is that there are good grounds for holding that Mr. Dulles and the Dulles system *are* too closely identified for the one to stand without the other. The other two reasons can best be seen by comparing the cases of Metternich and Bismarck. When Metternich fell in the revolution of 1848, his system had already cracked apart; his fall was the result of the collapse of his system. When Bismarck was dismissed in 1890, it was because of the basic change in conditions which

GEOFFREY BARRACLOUGH, a frequent contributor, is professor of international history at the University of London and the author of History of a Changing World *and other books.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

made Bismarck's system an anachronism. Both reasons are operative in the case of Mr. Dulles. I suspect that the verdict of history on Mr. Dulles, in the earlier part of his career as Secretary of State, may be less harsh than the denunciation of some of his new-found critics; but his policy has been overtaken by events and there is no future in it. As for the vaunted "Dulles system," its cracks and fissures are more visible today than its cohesion.

THERE is an element of tragedy in the whole story. Mr. Eisenhower, when first elected President, came to power as a man of peace. It was not simply a question of "getting the boys home" from the Korean War. Undoubtedly, he had the ambition of going down in history as the President who led the world out of the *cul-de-sac* of the cold war into a new era of disarmament and concord. Today, with Eisenhower broken in health and politically discredited (at least from the world view), we seem as far away from this object as ever; and the President is practically the only person left who, for reasons of misguided loyalty, has failed to realize the extent to which this parlous result is Mr. Dulles' personal responsibility. From the Summit Conference of 1955 onwards every opportunity for *détente* has been not "let slip" (as is often said), but almost deliberately rejected. When in March, 1955, Harold Stassen was appointed Special Assistant for Disarmament, with Cabinet rank and direct access to the President, it looked as though President Eisenhower had at last taken a decisive initiative to break through the deadlock. Everyone knows how, step by step, Mr. Dulles undermined Harold Stassen's position, until finally he was brought under State Department control. One result was the sudden collapse of the promising disarmament negotiations of 1957.

A couple of months ago Chalmers Roberts put together in the Washington *Post* a formidable indictment which has remained unanswered, and is in fact unanswerable. Time after time, as Mr. Roberts showed, President Eisenhower has been willing to negotiate on major issues with Russia, but was dissuaded by Mr. Dulles. In October, 1953, it was he who brought to nothing Winston Churchill's call for a summit conference. It was he, again, who last year blocked the visit to Washington of Marshal Zhukov. In October, 1956, at the time of the Hungarian rising, he rejected the proposal to withdraw two American divisions from Europe in exchange for a Soviet withdrawal of the two Russian divisions stationed in Hungary. In 1955, after Dr. Adenauer, in his address at Harvard University, had urged the United States to take the initiative at Geneva in negotiating with Russia for controlled disarmament, Mr. Dulles came out with the now famous thesis that "you cannot base a security system on a joining of forces with those whom you do not trust." From that time forward, "do not trust" became the keynote of American policy, and it would be easy to compose a veritable doxology of instances where Mr. Dulles has stepped in to thwart all progress toward a *détente*. None was more notable than his intervention in May last year, after President Eisenhower had revived the world's hopes by welcoming the Russian plan for a neutral zone in Europe. Soviet proposals, the President announced, would be received "very sympathetically" and studied "very earnestly." Within less than a week Mr. Dulles had poured cold water on the whole project. Communist promises, he said, in a refrain that was now becoming all too familiar, "were not dependable"; there had been "no government decision." Mr. Eisenhower, it was evident, had spoken out of turn; we were back where we were.

AND SO on *ad nauseam*. If circumstances never changed, it might not be so serious. But circumstances have changed, and will continue to change. Intercontinental ballistic missiles, intermediate-range ballistic missiles, nuclear warheads, nuclear submarines have raised the stakes and in the months to come will raise them to still dizzier heights. For this reason alone, Mr. Dulles has become a liability we can no longer afford. In addition, his policy in the last two years has failed, even by his own standards, to bear fruit. The notorious Eisenhower Doctrine (really Dulles Doctrine) for the Middle East was such a fiasco that even the word seems now to be taboo. "Peace through strength" and "negotiations from strength" have a hollow, mocking ring in the sputnik age. And now, as a final stroke, Mr. Dulles' handling of the NATO Conference has brought America's European allies to the verge of rebellion. All present indications point to the conclusion that, unless Mr. Dulles goes, the Atlantic Alliance is on the way out, not perhaps today or tomorrow, but long before the gap between Soviet and American progress in military technology has been closed.

Drawing by Berger

Secretary Dulles

THE question is, what are the alternatives? Even if Mr. Dulles agreed under pressure to negotiate, no one any longer would have confidence in his conduct of negotiations. Europe, if not America, demands a clean break. But merely to get rid of Mr. Dulles is no solution, and if the anti-Dulles movement develops into a personal vendetta, it will get us nowhere. Looked at from this side of the Atlantic, it must be said that a good deal of recent U.S. criticism appears to spring more from political partisanship than from new ideas. It is neither my business nor my intention to enter the fray of American party politics; but from a distance it is not easy to discover what new alternatives the Democratic Party has to offer. In any case, we should certainly be no better off if the only

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

result (as some forms of American criticism tend to suggest) were for the policy of strength to be pursued with redoubled vigor by new men with new measures.

On the other hand, indications are not wanting that the Administration itself contains personalities, more receptive to Mr. George Kennan's ideas, whose attitude to the current international situation is different from that of Mr. Dulles. It may be too late, for a variety of reasons, to pin hopes on Mr. Stassen. But, unless all information is wrong, Mr. Herter, whose undoubted abilities have been sadly neglected since he took over as Under-Secretary of State, is ready to follow new and more positive lines. We need not fear, when Mr. Dulles goes, that the "Dulles system" will drag on, like a ghost, behind him.

Even so, the issue is even wider than the direction of United States policy. The swelling demand for Mr. Dulles' resignation, the growing impatience with his "messianic complex" and his crusading zeal, which seem to stand as the major obstacles to a peaceful evolution, are the expressions of a crisis of leadership which affects the whole Western world. Similar issues face England, France and even Germany. In England, the Conservative Government is visibly crumbling; no one would bet on the length of life of the Gaillard Government in France; and though Dr. Adenauer's popularity in Germany seems beyond doubt, the vote which returned him to power was given to the architect of German recovery and prosperity, and not to the exponent of a stonewall foreign policy. Everywhere a change of direction is expected. And yet even the present European leaders are out of tune with the Dulles line, as was shown by the irritated State Department reaction to Macmillan's proposal for a non-aggression pact with Russia and Gaillard's call for a summit meeting. What is certain is that those who succeed Macmillan and Gaillard and Adenauer will be even less sympathetic than they to the Dulles line, and less inclined to go through the motions of keeping in step. What we are faced with is not merely a change of Secretary of State, but a turning-point for the whole Western world. But the personality of Mr. Dulles is the dominating factor, which sets the tone; his departure is the key to the necessary relaxation of tension, and that is why it is imperative that Dulles should go.

BORIS MORROS: Hero of a Myth . . *by Fred J. Cook*

A PUDGY, bull-necked man in his sixties now strides across the American scene, a figure more glamorous than the secret agents manufactured by the facile pens of a Helen MacInnes or a Graham Greene. He is Boris Morros, musical "prodigy" and composer, "famous" Hollywood producer, "fabulous" American counterspy, a man who says that he sacrificed $2,000,000 of his own money and went broke in hair-raising secret service for his country.

The Boris Morros whom all the mass media have combined to present to the public is both hero and oracle: an amateur spy who found in deep-felt patriotism the almost superhuman courage necessary to outfox the professional masterminds of Russian secret intelligence; a counter-agent so astute that he penetrated to the heart of the international Soviet espionage network and fathomed the innermost secrets of the Communist power-struggle.

These two worlds of Boris Morros now dovetail into a public issue. The glamor of the patriotic counter-spy garbs the words of the oracle with an authenticity that it seems almost un-American to question. When Boris Morros solemnly tells a Congressional committee that Marshal Zhukov will overthrow Nikita Khrushchev and seize supreme power, America believes—at least until the very opposite happens. When Boris Morros says that the Russian menace embraces more than communism, that it is a Pan-Slav plot to dominate the entire world "on a scale more ambitious than Hitler's," presumably Boris Morros speaks with the certainty of inside knowledge.

All of this raises legitimate questions. Can Boris Morros possibly be as good as he sounds? Is everything he says to be believed because he says it?

Morros burst on the public scene last winter when a federal grand jury in New York indicted Jack and Myra Soble and Jacob Albam as the kingpins of a Soviet spy ring in this country. Morros, it was disclosed, was the key government witness against them, and hints of a cloak-and-dagger thriller seeped into the press.

This sensational revelation rocketed into the headlines on August 12, 1957, after the Sobles and Albam had pleaded guilty. Then, in a carefully staged press conference in the U.S. Attorney's office in New York, the incredibly colorful Morros was brought to center stage, a modern Nathan Hale.

IN A formal statement, Morros revealed that he had been a secret agent for twelve years—until his activities finally placed him on "the very suspect" list of the Russians. He had had "contacts" with the Russians, he said, ever since 1935, when he went back to his homeland to visit his ill mother. "I told my aged father at that time that if anything happened to my mother I would try to bring him to America to live with me," Morros said. "My father is now ninety-eight years old and resides in California."

FRED J. COOK, who has written notable articles in The Nation *on the Hiss and Remington cases, is a crime reporter on a New York metropolitan daily.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

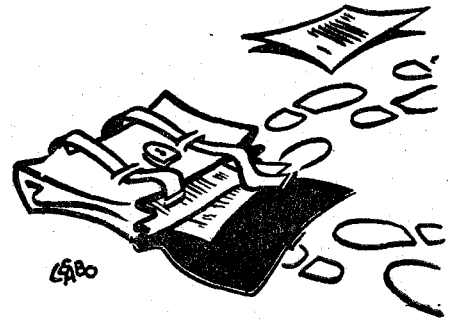
He explained that in 1943, after his mother's death, he succeeded in getting Russian permission to bring his father to this country. "From the time of my father's arrival, overtures from the Russians started and developed to such a phase that in 1945 they asked me outright to become an active agent for them," he added. "I went straight to the FBI and reported what had happened. I was told to agree to the Russian proposals and make my contacts, which I did."

In a personal interview that added details to the formal statement, Morros told the story of a colorful life. Facile in nine languages, he "gushed" as he spoke, reporters noted, and he acted out his role like a Hollywood producer taking over a story conference. He had been, he said, a musical child prodigy in Russia; he had studied under the best masters; he had composed the well-known *Parade of the Wooden Soldiers* and had scored the music for almost 400 movies. He had been a producer himself, filming such shows as *Tales of Manhattan* and *Carnegie Hall*, but his patriotic service as a counter-spy had interrupted his career, had cost him $2,000,000 in earnings, had left him bankrupt.

IT IS instructive to contrast these statements with later disclosures, especially with Morros' own final version of his adventures, contained in a two-part serialization in *Look* magazine. The *Look* saga, written with Bill Davidson, makes it clear that Morros' contacts with the Russians began two years earlier and lasted two years later than he had originally said; that for a good part of the fourteen years from 1933 to mid-1947 Morros, either willingly or unwillingly, did the Russians' bidding; and that, unlike the spontaneous patriot he had pictured himself to be in the August 12 press conference, he actually furnished the Russians with "fronts" for their far-flung espionage network here and abroad.

"The web tightened in 1936, after I had moved to Hollywood," Morros writes in *Look*. He explains that a man named Edward Herbert, who spoke with a thick Russian accent, came to him and said he was going to travel in Germany to organize anti-Nazi work and that he needed a cover: ". . . Some kind of affidavit to show I am working for an American firm. Could you give me an affidavit saying I am a talent scout?" Morros obliged. To make the pretense look good, he even wrote phony business letters to "Herbert" in Germany, and on one occasion, when he had fallen behind in this correspondence, he was soundly berated by some unidentified Russian agent.

Yet Morros did not go to the FBI at this point. Nor did he go to the FBI when he subsequently learned that the transparently phony "Herbert" was actually Vassili Mikhailovitch Zubilin, an attaché at the Soviet Embassy in Washington. "Sick with worry about my father," Morros writes, he played ball with Zubilin and finally got his father out of Russia, though Zubilin warned him in advance that he would have to pay for the favor. The payment demanded was more "talent scout" affidavits.



Morros says that he then pointed out that he was no longer with Paramount Pictures and so couldn't supply such documents; but Zubilin countered by saying: "I notice that you also own a small music-recording company. Let's expand it into a big company, and my people can travel all over North and South America as agents of the firm."

THE INTENT was obvious, but still Morros didn't go to the FBI. He simply began to keep a diary. Quotes from the diary, as used in *Look*, make it clear that, in mid-December, 1943, when Morros got a telephone call from Zubilin to go to New York, he promptly went and just as promptly fell in with Zubilin's plans for the financing of the "big" music company.

The financial backers, according to Morros—who says he met them through Zubilin—were Alfred Stern, an American millionaire, and his wife, Martha Dodd Stern, the daughter of a former American ambassador to Berlin, William E. Dodd, author of *Through Embassy Eyes*, a best-selling account of the early days of the Hitler regime. The Sterns, denounced now by Morros, have been indicted by a federal grand jury and have fled behind the Iron Curtain, but there was no hint of such an outcome when Zubilin and the Sterns and Morros met to plan a bigger Boris Morros Music Company in mid-December, 1943.

Zubilin told Morros that Stern was going to invest $130,000 in the music firm. Morros adds: "Zubilin told Stern that he wanted to place agents in the United States and in South America. He said he would help Stern pick the agents—men of high intelligence who spoke several languages—but that it would be the job of Stern and Martha to supervise them."

A MORE explicit statement of a devious purpose could hardly be imagined. By Morros' own account, it is obvious that he must have known, that any child must have known, that the expanded Boris Morros Music Company was a blind for Soviet espionage purposes. Yet Morros went along with it. His only explanation is: "I must admit that I was taken in by the prospect of getting $130,000 capitalization (and 25 per cent of the profits) for a business in which I had originally invested only $6,000." The good business deal, it would seem from Morros' own account, weighed more with him at this point than patriotism.

The following spring, on March 20, 1944, Morros got another telephone call from Zubilin, and in response to it, went dutifully to New York. Zubilin took him to a restaurant and introduced him to Jack Soble. Zubilin explained that he had just been promoted to the rank of general and was returning to Russia. "From now

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on, he said, Soble is to be my new superior," Morros wrote in his diary. Since Morros never quite admits that he was actually a member of the Russian apparatus at this time, one feels tempted to ask: "Superior in what?"

Soble is less reticent. Now serving time in federal prison for his espionage activities, he, too, has written a spy thriller. In this literary effort, prepared with the aid of Jack Lotto of Hearst's International News Service, Soble writes:

> Every producer in Hollywood would have laughed me out of his office if I had ever tried to sell him a movie script like this:
>
> A record and publishing company called "the Boris Morros Music Co." of Hollywood and New York lines up such talented and popular recording artists as Hoagy Carmichael, Bob Crosby and Frances Langford.
>
> Hit records like *Rum and Coca Cola* and *Chattanooga Choo Choo* are produced and sold.
>
> But the entire operation is a "blind" for a widespread Soviet espionage network. Bosses and "salesmen" are Russian intelligence agents.
>
> Crazy as it sounds, the "script" would be an exact portrayal of the activities of the company I was appointed to supervise for the Kremlin.
>
> The stars, of course, had no way of knowing that they were being used as attractive window dressing for an outfit organized to be a clearing house for spies throughout the United States, Canada, Central and South America.

Soble explains that, after the company was formed, the Sterns and Morros began to quarrel, and that finally the rift became so bitter that he, Soble, went to California, examined the music company's organizational setup and told Morros to disolve it. "Morros didn't like the idea when I told him to shut down in the spring of 1945," Soble writes. "Stern demanded the return of his $130,000 from Morros, who didn't want to give the money. Under pressure from me and lawyers consulted by Stern in California, Morros paid back $100,000."

The Sterns told Soble that they felt Morros was unreliable. They said they had sent a warning about him to the Soviet Embassy, but Morros' action in paying back the $100,000 evidently impressed the Russians "because they allowed him [Morros] to remain in the ring as a courier," Soble writes.

Morros doesn't put it so bluntly. In *Look*, he says merely: "From 1945 to 1947, Soble kept coming to me to induce me to be reconciled with the Sterns or to provide *another business front for espionage activities*." (Italics added.)

MORROS *now* became worried. To the disenchanted analyst of his story, his deep soul-searching seems to have come several years late in the game. After all, by his own acount, he *had* provided covering letters for Zubilin in 1936 (in fact, he even quotes Zubilin as telling him that these letters saved his life); and he had let the Boris Morros Music Company be used as a front for Soviet espionage for about fifteen months from December, 1943, to mid-May, 1945. None of these involvements had stirred the patriotism in Morros' soul and sent him to the FBI; but, in 1947, simply because Soble kept pressing him to do again what he had already done, he suddenly realized: "God, I cannot get out."

Under the date of July 14, 1947, Morros confided in his diary: "I finally realized today that I cannot carry it on any longer. I have felt in my soul that nothing has happened so far, but it was a bad beginning and it may lead to bad things." One wonders how Morros could be so certain in his soul that nothing had happened during the fifteen months that his music company provided a convenient cover for Soviet agents. What were the Russians doing—marking time all those months? Obviously, one isn't supposed to ask such questions; one must simply be happy with Morros that nothing had happened, thrilled that Morros now went to the FBI. There, he says, he learned to his great surprise that the FBI knew all about him. They knew about the music-firm front; they had even had an agent sitting in the New York restaurant watching his introduction to Soble. The FBI suggested that Morros become a counterspy, and he agreed. His notation for this momentous day, July 14, 1947, concludes: "Today is like the Fourth of July—the day of independence for me."

There followed the ten-year career of Boris Morros as a counteragent. He funneled the FBI information about the Sobles and Albam. He spelled out the involvement of the wealthy Sterns. He made repeated trips to Europe and went behind the Iron Curtain to meet the masters of Russian intelligence. He discovered that Jane Foster Zlatovski, a former OSS employee, and her husband, George Zlatovski, a former Army intelligence officer, were in reality key Russian spies in Europe. The Zlatovskis, largely on the information he supplied, have now been indicted, but have holed up in France, fighting extradition.

ALL OF this would seem to indicate that Morros, after he did go to the FBI, was a counteragent of considerable value, but the shading of the picture is indubitably different in many important respects than the larger-than-life hero canvas presented to the American public by Morros in collaboration with the U.S. Attorney's office last August. And the shadings, of course, are all-important to an America that now listens to Boris Morros on the lecture platform or is told on television that here is a man who sacrificed $2,000,000 to be a patriot.

Even the distinguished *New York Times* accepted without question the price tag that Morros put upon his services in the August 12 interview. Yet a little independent researching would have cast some doubts upon this element of his story. For the plain truth is that Boris Morros twice had been through bankruptcy; that his Hollywood film-producing venture had been a financial failure; and that, just before he became a counterspy, he was harassed by a flock of law suits.

Morros' first bankruptcy took place in 1923 shortly after he came to this country. He listed $15,600 in liabilities, no assets. On January 28, 1930, Morros filed a second bankruptcy petition in New York courts. This time he listed liabilities of $13,666.19. Again, no assets.

In September, 1945, some twenty months before he entered the service

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of his country, Morros formed Federal Films, Inc., in Hollywood. One of his firm's gaudiest productions was *Carnegie Hall*, which cost a fortune and drew little at the box office. As a result, the Security First National Bank of Los Angeles foreclosed on the film company, which went out of business. On November 14, 1946, some eight months before Morros went to the FBI, a man named Joseph Steiner sued Federal Films for $497.39 in wages. And Carnegie Hall, Inc., sued the film company and Morros for $8,123.02, obtained a judgment, found a Morros bank account with $50 in it and promptly placed an attachment against that.

This legal history would seem to indicate that Morros never had $2,000,000, either in bank balances or potential earnings, to sacrifice on the altar of patriotism—unless, all these years, he has been holding out on his creditors. A vigorous press might have been expected to leak some gentle hint of this to the public, but today's press is obviously more beguiled by myths than by truth. Even when a bit of the truth is presented to it on a silver platter, it prefers to ignore the unwelcome guest and to cling to the fairy tale.

THE BIT of truth was served up by America's largest and most responsible news-gathering organization, the Associated Press, in mid-September, 1957. In a series of three articles written by Bob Thomas from Hollywood, the news service tried to relate the Boris Morros legend to reality, but in New York at least, the articles were generally shunted into newspaper morgues instead of into the live columns of the newspapers where the public might see them.

This seems a pity, for Thomas' series did give quite a different picture of Boris Morros from the one that had been presented under the aegis of the U.S. Attorney's office. For instance, Thomas reported: "He [Morros] did not write *The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers*, as has been claimed. It is credited to Leon Jessel. He did not compose and conduct hundreds of movie scores, as he also declares. His only big studio job

was as head of Paramount's Music Department, a supervisory post."

Morros' claim to have been a musical child prodigy and a prolific composer didn't quite tally with the picture that a fellow worker in the Hollywood vineyards gave Thomas. "His job was to find the right people for the right job—composers, orchestrators, etc.," this informant told the AP reporter. "He never composed or conducted, though often he would stand behind the conductor and keep the beat. He was very creative and brought to the studio some fine artists like Leopold Stokowski, Gladys Swarthout and Kirsten Flagstad.

"He was afraid of nothing artistically. He even conducted a program at the [Hollywood] bowl himself. He got by all right because he knew the basic beats. He also dreamed up a weekly musical program from the studio on radio Sunday mornings."

Of the films produced by Morros, Thomas reported succinctly: "None prospered at the box office."

Morros' career as a producer, according to Thomas, got off on the wrong foot. His first independent venture was *Second Chorus*, starring Fred Astaire, Paulette Goddard and Artie Shaw. Despite this wealth of talent, Thomas reported, the picture "was a turkey. A stinker. A bomb." Everybody knew it, and nobody wanted to be connected with promoting the thing. So Morros himself decided to take it on the road. This was a decision that posed difficulties. For, while it might be easy to get press photographers and city editors interested in Paulette Goddard, how was one to stimulate the appropriate journalistic curiosity about Boris Morros?

An astute Hollywood press agent solved the problem by lathering his release with reverse English. "One of these days," he wrote editors, "your door will be darkened by a happy little monster by name of Boris Morros. . . . Morros is a fantastic Russian with as humpty-dumpty an accent as ever tumbled from a swinging mouth. He is built like a bass drum, has no neck, and the back of his head is so straight he can slip off a collar without unbuttoning it. His shirts resemble Aurora Borealis struck by lightning; his neckties are tropical sunsets by a reckless artist. . . ."

Having whetted editorial appetites with this description, the publicity man prudently warned against letting Morros know the nature of his advance publicity. The press cooperated, and Morros returned from his nation-wide tour literally loaded down with clippings—and blissfully ignorant of the billing that had inspired them.

SUCH is the other Boris Morros, the Boris Morros that the American public does not see. Only occasionally and inconsequentially has his halo slipped. Walter Winchell and Dorothy Kilgallen have published some tart comments that indicate they are not completely fascinated with the hero image, and if one hunts hard enough, one sometimes finds, buried in the obscure back pages of the newspapers, little one- or two-paragraph items that seem a bit at variance with the official portrait.

On September 3, last year, for example, the United Press crashed through with a few short paragraphs from Vienna. Morros, in testimony before the House Un-American Activities Committee, had accused Dr. Heinrich Spitz and his wife of engaging in atomic espionage for the Russians while living in New Mexico. Dr. Spitz in Vienna "denounced the accusations as 'absurd' and 'infamous lies,'" the United Press said. It added that Dr. Spitz declared he "never had anything to do with atomic research [and never] was in contact with Soviet spies." On October 17,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Associated Press reported from Los Angeles: "Boris Morros . . . was sued yesterday for separate maintenance. Mrs. Catherine Morros alleged cruelty in her Superior Court suit and said Mr. Morros had failed in recent years to provide support for his own father." *The New York Times*, which had its own one-paragraph story on the suit, added: "In addition to an unspecified amount for maintenance for herself, Mrs. Morros demanded return of an undisclosed sum of personal funds she says she contributed toward the support of her husband's father."

Such obscure items cause not a single hitch in the stride of the Boris Morros who swaggers across page one. Take, for example, the furore that resulted when Morros appeared before the House Un-American Activities Committee and foretold the international diplomatic future. The Associated Press told the story in a dispatch from Washington dated August 31, 1957. It began: "Counterspy Boris Morros foresees the fall of Soviet Communist Party chief Nikita S. Khrushchev within the next eight months. He predicts that the successor will be a military dictatorship headed by Marshal Georgi K. Zhukov." Representative Francis E. Walter (D., Pa.), chairman of the House committee, was the authority for this statement, which presumably was based upon Morros' secret testimony. The AP dispatch continued: "Morros . . . also was quoted as testifying that individual Soviet spy organizations, formerly operated by a variety of Red government agencies, have now been consolidated into one super-agency under the Red Army directly responsible to Marshal Zhukov." This shift of power into the hands of the military signaled acute danger to the West, Representative Walter solemnly declared.

In the light of subsequent developments, one might almost be tempted to think that this Morros prediction represented a monumental blooper, for in less than two months, the very reverse of the forecast came to pass: Khrushchev hatcheted Zhukov, and it is only because they do things a little more humanely in Russia these days that Zhukov did not lose his head. But did this simple development show that Morros—and the House committee—had been wrong? Of course not.

One major American news agency resolved the entire contretemps very satisfactorily in a Washington dispatch on November 2. "The Russian power showdown between Nikita Khrushchev and Marshal Georgi Zhukov, which Khrushchev has won, was forecast two months ago in a document issued by the House Un-American Activities Committee," the agency reported happily. It went on to point out that Morros had said "the emergence of Zhukov into the highest Soviet echelon meant Russia was rapidly becoming a military dictatorship." And it added: "It [the earlier story] said Zhukov could become a rival to Khrushchev." The little fact that Morros and the House committee had picked the wrong winner somehow didn't get mentioned in this citation of accuracy.

Obviously, in America today, it's the myth that counts—and an infallible, heroic Boris Morros is the most fascinating myth in a generation.

PEOPLE to PEOPLE . . *by Dan Wakefield*

SHORTLY AFTER Soviet Russia launched the earth satellites, Charles E. Wilson (G.E.'s, not the former Secretary of Defense) told the congregation of the First Baptist Church of White Plains, N. Y., that our answer to the fear of the unknown sputnik is "this understanding of people to people."

The remark may seem a particularly incoherent sample of a language best referred to as Administration-ese (under constant development by its originator, Dwight D. Eisenhower), unless it is explained that Mr. Wilson is now president of a government-initiated and privately-run foundation known as "People to People, Inc."

This organization was launched at a special White House conference in September, 1956, with declarations by our President and Secretary of State that the whole problem of world peace was really up to The People. John Foster Dulles briefly reviewed the world challenge and said, "In all of this the question of whether or not we succeed depends not primarily upon what government does, because government only deals with some of the superficial aspects of this problem." President Eisenhower put it this way: "Today, we have this problem that I have stated: that of creating understanding between peoples. . . . Governments can do no more than point the way and cooperate and assist in mechanical details. They can publish certain official documents."

The President of the United States having thus assured those present that he is actually the operator of a giant mimeograph machine, real responsibility was turned over to The People. The results seem to prove beyond question that Alexander Hamilton and H. L. Mencken were right.

At the White House conference were leaders from all fields of American life, who promptly set to work to form People to People, Inc. There were soon established forty-one committees (Advertising, Public Relations, Foreign Affairs, Books, Magazines, Insurance, and Civic are a few) and innumerable subcommittees (the Hobbies committee is out in front with sixty subcommittees) headed by distinguished and successful men and women from all walks of life.

The response to the challenge has, of course, varied among the chair-

DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

men of the different committees, but the remarkable common denominator seems to be the power of People to People, Inc., to bring out the worst in every man. In an article on the organization's program last spring in *The Reporter*, William Harlan Hale reported a bit of the history of the Writers' committee, headed by William Faulkner. Mr. Faulkner, in his role as committee chairman, sent out a letter to the leading writers of America asking for ideas, and listing a few of his own which might serve as a guide. The Nobel Prize winner's ideas for furthering world understanding were as follows:

1. Anaesthetize, for one year, American vocal chords.
2. Abolish, for one year, American passports.
3. Commandeer every American auto. Secrete Johnson grass seed in the cushions and every other available place. Fill the tank with gasoline. Leave the switch key in the switch and push the car across the Iron Curtain.
4. Ask the government to establish a fund. Choose 10,000 people 18-30, preferably Communists. Bring them to this country and let them see America as it is. Let them buy an automobile on the installment plan, if that's what they want.

Responses of the writers included the following suggestions and comments: "Free Ezra Pound!"; "Abolish Literary Agents!"; "Futile! We are Barbarians anyway."

For periodic reports of its goings on, People to People, Inc., quickly started a four-page monthly newsletter called People to People *News*. It carries in terse dispatches with a multitude of underscored words the activities, accomplishments and plans of People to People, and is perhaps the most depressing monthly publication in America today.

OUR efforts to promote America abroad and offer an alternative to Russian ideology include the following activities reported by the *News:*

Last November, People to People sponsored two young Germans on a forty-day tour of the United States via a sports plane. The two visitors, Peter von Eckardt, West German newspaper correspondent, and Curt Heidenrich, former Luftwaffe fighter pilot, spoke to more than thirty different groups. At Wounded Knee, South Dakota, they were adopted by the Oglala Sioux Indian tribe.

In February, 1957, the Hobbies committee, which is one of the most active arms of the People to People enterprise, had sent "information kits" to hundreds of hobby groups, and mailed out 10,000 People to People pamphlets. The subcommittee on stamp collecting began contacts between stamp clubs in the United States and abroad: affiliations were made between the Evanston, Illinois, Philatelic Society and the Philatelic Society of Bath, England. At Regis College, Massachusetts, Sister M. Fidelma, curator of Cardinal Spellman's stamp collection, urged a girls' club to send postcards to students in other countries. "Similar activity," said the PP *News*, "has created a run on international cards so that many post offices are temporarily out."

In March, 1957, the Sports committee sent 4,000 pounds of baseball equipment to foreign lands.

Robert Christenberry, former Republican candidate for Mayor of New York City and head of the Hotel committee of People to People, Inc., brought together local leaders and American residents in the Dominican Republic and, as a result of this experience, suggested in the March *News* that P. to P. committees be set up in each foreign community which has a substantial number of American citizens. Mr. Christenberry's friendly interest in the leaders of the Dominican Republic was not referred to in an item appearing in the next month's *News*, under activities of the Labor committee, which cryptically reported: "Aid for Freedom Fighters. For example: Hungarians, Dominican Republic refugees."

In August, it was announced that the Sports committee was sending "bowling literature" overseas.

In September, the first anniversary of People to People, the *News* reprinted President Eisenhower's statement of the organization's purpose: "to build the road to an enduring peace."

In October, it was reported that Mrs. Charles Caskel of Worthington, Minnesota, received the Officer's Cross of the German Order of Merit for her work on affiliation between Worthington, Minnesota and Crailsheim, Germany. News of ceremonies of "town affiliations" are a recurring topic in the People to People newsletter.

The town-affiliation idea has provided an excellent opportunity for Business to take part in People to People, and promote itself as well as good will. The *News* reported, for instance, that "In a 'unique presentation of French goods, services, and cultural manifestations,' Neiman-Marcus Co. of Texas is leading Dallas in Salute to France. One event is launching of town affiliation with Dijon, France. Other highlights: fashions, textile exhibition, art show, collectors' displays, food and entertainment. Many French notables are coming."

That same month, "A Satsuma vase valued at $1,250 was presented . . . to Seattle by sister city of Kobe, Japan, as another step in their sister-city ceremonies."

THE sister-city ceremonies sometimes present problems, however. Mayor John B. Hynes and other Bostonians went to Rome for a mutual-salute ceremony which went off satisfactorily despite a Communist Party attempt to embarrass them and their hosts. *The News* reported that "Mayor Hynes, describing a Communist episode for Boston newsmen, said he had been accused of hobnobbing with neo-fascists. 'It's so monstrously untrue it's funny [said Mayor Hynes]. I met hundreds of people and I wouldn't know a neo-fascist if I saw one.' "

The Insurance committee of People to People has drummed up wide support for the cause among insurance companies. The bulletins of many of these companies have endorsed People to People, often with inspiring messages. *The Weekly Underwriter* commented that "Insurance makes international friends." The *Badger Beacon* of Badger Mutual Life gave this reassuring people-to-people message: "Somewhere in the world someone wants you for a friend!"

The Cartoonists committee, which is preparing a comic book about the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

United States for world distribution, has suggested that leading foreign cartoonists be invited to visit here. Cartoonist chairman Al Capp said, "If we can, by personal contact, change the European cartoon picture of the American, we will score a major and lasting victory."

In December, the PP *News* reported that "Tie clasps, as a gesture of appreciation, were presented by National 4-H Club foundation to two national 4-K [Turkish equivalent of American 4-H] leaders in Turkey. Presentation, in Bursa province, was timed to coincide with the arrival of two American 4-H Club exchanges."

This is, as our President said, "a time for greatness." The ideological battle lines have formed, and we have rushed to the front a battalion of pen-pals and a brand new comic book.

W. E. B. DuBOIS: Prophet in Limbo . . *by Truman Nelson*

> This is the modern paradox of Sin before which the Puritan stands open-mouthed and mute. A group, a nation, or a race commits murder and rape, steals and destroys, yet no individual is guilty, no one is to blame, no one can be punished. The black world squirms beneath the feet of the white in impotent fury or sullen hate.
>
> W. E. B. DuBois

HERE IS THE unmistakable wrath of a prophet; said yesterday, true today. We listened for it in the deep shame of our recent past to lift us above the brute realities of an American governor punishing the innocent and rewarding a guilty and bestial mob, putting armed troops in the service of its capricious inhumanity. Politicians have since resolved the crisis with counterforce; yet somehow along the way all principle was drained out of the solution.

We scarcely know where to look for the prophets. They are well-nigh obsolete. Being one thing to all men today is a superhuman task, for amplitude is the deadly foe of consistency. We don't sit under preaching any more. No longer can mystic fervor and exhortation make up for error, nor can the proclamation of an absolute make people see things not as they are, but in the shape of old prophecies. There are no more absolutes and yet the prophet has to move from certainty to certainty, break through to reality and then, on center, proclaim it to the world.

Dr. William E. Burghardt DuBois prepared for his calling as a child of his age, which is of this age, of course, although his life span has been so great that it is only because the prophet has eternal life that we know that he is of our age and younger than we are because he is also of the next age and the next. He was born three years after the War of the Rebellion and under the Presidency of a man unusually sensitive toward white rights masquerading as State's Rights—Andrew Johnson. Time whirled him downstream to his abiding rock with perfunctory ease. He was of mixed blood in a country town in Western Massachusetts where the color line was manifest but not absolutely drawn. To the world he was a Negro, but he did not feel the sting of this at first because he was also poor and this was enough. Somehow, by the staggering economic travail of his mother, he managed to get a first-rate education. However, there are so many elements of the prodigious in this process that it is hard to rate it simply as an achievement; there are too many intangibles — fate, luck, what you will — to dwell on the Horatio Algerish rise of a poor Negro boy in a small town to the eminence of a graduate of Fisk, Harvard and the University of Berlin. He says himself: "It was difficult for me at this time to form a critical estimate of any meaning of the world which differed from the conventional unanimity about me."

So far he had proved nothing but that he was a prodigy. For all this had little to do with his real work, although he thought it had. He thought knowledge was power. It goes without saying (but it should be said at every opportunity) that every Negro in America knows as soon as he is out of his diapers that he is the *Accursed Question*; the Problem settles massively on his young shoulders for life at the (let us say charitably) tenth personal encounter with a member of the white race. DuBois, like a young horse feeling his strength and destiny as a beast of burden, threw his whole weight into the traces with the thought that if he could just drag the wrongs of his people in a compact load down Main Street something would be done by the passers-by. He was at Harvard at one of her greatest periods. He fell under the influence of William James and got from him what he thought would be his ultimate direction: to put science into sociology through a study of his own race. In the slums of Philadelphia, he made monumental studies of Negro morality, urbanization, efforts for social betterment; of the Negro in business, in college, in grade school, in church, at work, in crime: 2,172 pages of scholarly fact and opinion. It made him famous. Platforms were opened to him. Congressional committees sought his testimony . . . voluntary and friendly, of course.

BUT FOR all the accuracy and devotion of this truth-seeking, it had slight effect on the daily reality of Negroes being lynched, murdered and starved. The truths were needed but they were not wanted; and the compiler found it easy to starve alongside the subjects of his case histories, suffering the spiritual hunger which is the frustration of the appetite for justice, as well as the physical variety. He then found an

TRUMAN NELSON is the author of The Sin of the Prophet *and of a forthcoming study of John Brown.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enclave of sustenance at Atlanta University, a Negro school, as a teacher.

A functioning prophet has to get hold of some great and crescive phrase, a thought that can ring out in sorrow and in anger and which can be reiterated all his life: in battle from the housetops, in ecstasy among his brethren, in solitude and despair with a succoring and replenishing life. Alas, what a fine thing it would be if thesis-writing could change the world! Our graduate schools would become the Parliament of Man.

What DuBois got hold of was this: *Most men in this world are colored. A faith in humanity, therefore, a belief in the gradual growth and perfectibility of men must, if honest, be primarily a belief in colored men.*

Anyone can see the enormous power of these thirty-two words over the 2,172 pages of thesis-writing. The credo begins with a rude shock to the dominant whites; it challenges their ethics, strips naked their hypocrisy, universalizes their religions and then puts them on their good behavior, tested by their own great shibboleth of "democracy." Every gift, every bravery, every defeat in DuBois flowered out of this. It brought him into his first great struggle.

DuBOIS did this and more: he attacked the great hero of his own people. It takes a brave Catholic to take issue with the Pope, a brave Jew to denounce or disown Moses; Booker T. Washington was both of these for ten million Negroes at the turn of the century. DuBois and Washington had a host of differences but the salient one was that Washington believed that the Negro's struggle out of the prison of his skin must be subordinated to dominant public opinion and that opinion deferred to and cajoled until it allowed a deviation toward better ways (he seems to be haunting the Executive Mansion today). During Washington's period as spokesman for the race, the whole body of Jim Crow caste laws was passed in the South, there were hundreds of lynchings yearly and murderous incidents and degradations; but the ringleader's ideological emphasis was on *Negro* shortcomings, so that the onus was placed on the Negro himself. Andrew Carnegie made Washington a gift of $600,000 for Tuskegee; other rich whites were generous.

DuBois, almost single-handed, shattered these golden chains. He crossed the water into Canada, like John Brown before him, to mobilize a program of revolt against voluntary segregation. The Niagara Movement is a book in itself; it cannot be summarized other than by saying it demanded *practical* equality as John Brown demanded *practical* abolition —the full and unequivocal equality of the Negro in all areas of the human condition. Now! At once! Why not?

DuBois was nearly inundated by sewer-pipe torrents of criticism from all sides, but he worked on in semi-secrecy to develop the mobilization and the next year, in one of the most moving organizational incidents in human history, the black men of the Niagara Movement met at Harper's Ferry and walked barefoot over the flinty roads in a pilgrimage to the site of the Engine House. They stood there, in the broad and southern daylight and with their bare flesh pressing on the spot marked by the sacrificial blood of the white man who had most plainly burned the poison of white supremacy out of himself and his children, dedicated themselves to a program of positive, non-violent action based on these truths addressed to the American Conscience:

> We want manhood suffrage and we want it now, henceforth and forever. We want the Constitution of the country enforced: Congress to take charge of Congressional elections, the Fourteenth Amendment to be carried out to the letter and every state disenfranchised in Congress which attempts to disenfranchise its rightful voters. We want black boys and girls to know, to think, to aspire. We will get these things by voting where we can vote, by persisting, unceasing agitation, by hammering at the truth, by sacrifice and work. We do not believe in violence but we do believe in John Brown, in that incarnate spirit of justice . . . and here on the scene of John Brown's martyrdom, we reconsecrate ourselves, our honor, our property, to the final emancipation of the race which John Brown died to make free.

This was DuBois in 1906. The date is crucial, for it was a time when Southern white attitudes were not as basaltic as they are now; it was the very date on which Alabama led the South by instituting the first legal Jim Crow car (C. Vann Woodward, in his immensely valuable research, has completely destroyed the sanctimonious myth of the antiquity of segregation). There was still time before the deluge, DuBois thought, to solve the American dilemma by implementing the amendments in the Constitution which guaranteed political equality to the Negro. In terms of the foot-dragging going on today, it may seem madness to have called for equality fifty years ago, but competent sociologists such as Kenneth B. Clark of New York City College are saying that the whole concept of "gradualism" in race issues is generally seen by its opponents as a sign of weakness and, furthermore, grants them time to mobilize, organize and intensify their opposition. It was *after* DuBois' call for full suffrage and rights, specifically when the election of Woodrow Wilson in 1912 brought the Southern Democrats back to Washington in force for the first time since the War of the Rebellion, that the great tide of segregation swept to its high-water mark.

There is considerable evidence today that a speedy and forthright approach to racial problems is less likely than gradualism to result in bitter and prolonged opposition. It is not hard to believe that it might have been possible for Negroes, had they listened to true and not false prophets fifty years past, to have had their full rights long ago.

THE BIG FLAW in this crystal is that there was no NAACP then, but there wouldn't have been any NAACP today either, if it had not been for DuBois. None of the people in this great organization want contention over claims to foundership. Some say Oswald Garrison Villard started it. He was, perhaps, its first real functionary. Some say William Walling. The Association itself says

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

W. E. B. DuBois

Walling, Mary White Ovington and Henry Moskowitz laid the foundations, but anyone who has grieved at the plunging gulf separating the communication of black and white in this country today knows instinctively that no three whites, no matter how enlightened, could ever appear other than (in the words of the old Wobbly song) "condescending saviors" to the Negro people, unless and until some of their own folks entered the association on equal terms.

It was DuBois who fertilized this seedling and made it viable by leading into it the brave black men of his Niagara Movement. Oswald Garrison Villard, to his eternal credit, saw the *man* in DuBois and let him establish and operate *The Crisis*, one of the great agitational organs of world reform. It was great because it was not the stultified and broad-beamed expression of committee decisions, but struck out with the hard, sword-shaped convictions of one man. The Association recognized its greatness when DuBois left this post, saying:

> He founded *The Crisis* without a cent of capital and made it self-supporting, with a peak circulation of 100,000. He transformed the Negro world, created what had never existed before, a Negro intelligentsia. He gave a new orientation to the relationship of the black and white races. Without him the Association would never have been what it was and is.

From the towering and broad-margined plateau of his prophecy, DuBois could see Africa, the Negro homeland, where the black man really was the majority. At the close of World War I, a disaster he blamed on European rivalries over the exploitation of colored, colonial labor, he went to Versailles to take Wilson up on his pledge of self-determination to small nations. What about the small nations of Africa? he asked, and organized the first *genuine* Pan-African Congress. From then on he was the acknowledged "Father of Pan-Africanism," founding and keeping alive the African Renaissance, seeking liberation from colonialism.

THESE words come easily, but only someone who has helped carry the uncompleted and imperfect instruments of an unpopular cause can appreciate the deadly boredom, the endlessly repetitious talk, the sour encounters of fund-raising, the "Father" of anything has to endure. The men for whom DuBois was demanding a place in the galaxy of sovereign nations had been little more than victims for four hundred years. A hundred million of their immediate forebears had been stolen into slavery by the whites they were being asked to emulate; whites who had ruthlessly destroyed their own ancient governments, industries and cultures. They had learned long before that there was no international conscience to which they could appeal. I imagine there was a great deal of contemptuous laughter in world capitals at the thought of Africans from the bush forming a more perfect union of their own.

DuBois held the first Pan-African Congress in Paris in defiance of the disapproval of the American Government. Through it the notion of a Free Africa was first projected into world politics. The second congress was held in London. He bore the expense of its preparation out of his own pocket, which contained the usual meager resources of an American scholar. He drafted a "Declaration to the World" which was endorsed by the delegates. Its message was that "The absolute equality of races, physical, political, social is the founding stone of world and human advancement. The doctrine of racial equality does not interfere with individual liberty; rather fulfills it."

At this congress, he tried to establish a permanent secretariat to keep Pan-Africanism alive until genuine political parties could put down roots in African soil. This he could not effect, but the third congress, held in London and Lisbon, attracted the presence and support of some significant names: Harold Laski, H. G. Wells, Ramsay MacDonald. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fourth was held in New York. He had tried vainly to assemble it on African soil. The links he was forging so patiently were still not extensive enough to get a grapple hold on colonialism and begin to uproot it. The world was plunging into financial crisis. DuBois had to abandon all hope of establishing the ultimate African organization as the necessary contributions dried up in the common ruin of millions of black men and white. The fifth Pan-African Congress had to come nearly twenty years later, but its ideological structure was still firm and whole. George Padmore, the historian of the Pan-African movement, writes that it was a personal triumph for DuBois, who "brought to the deliberation a freshness of outlook that greatly influenced the final decisions, the implementation of which is already shaping the African Continent."

One of the secretaries of the Congress was Kwame Nkrumah, who went on from there to become the black Prime Minister of the new sovereign state of Ghana. Nkrumah says, "It was this fifth Pan-African Congress that provided the outlet for African nationalism and brought about awakening of African political consciousness." Ghana yesterday, tomorrow Nigeria, French West Africa and the Cameroons, all guided along the road of non-violent revolution by the founding stones of DuBois, instead of being forced by the whites into tragic Mau-Mau-ism. And who can tell, perhaps the grand idea of human equality may penetrate into Mississippi, U.S.A.

DuBOIS has been rewarded as this country nearly always rewards its prophets. He was arrested—as Thoreau was arrested, and Theodore Parker and Garrison, Phillips, Samuel Gridley Howe, Bronson Alcott, Abner Kneeland, Frank Sanborn, T. W. Higginson, Ezra Heywood, Benjamin Tucker, Sacco and Vanzetti. The charge made against DuBois was that he was an agent of a foreign power. He was acquitted. But the same man who had been equated with Franklin and Jefferson by Henry Steele Commager in his *Men Who Make Up Our Minds,* described by John Gunther as "almost like Shaw or Einstein . . . in his field," who was given the most eloquent praise by Van Wyck Brooks, Eugene O'Neill and others of like calibre, discovered after he had been fingerprinted, handcuffed, bailed and remanded for trial, that a terrible blight seemed to settle over his virtues and his powers. He found himself virtually excluded from the press and publishing; found that he was in exile, shut off from the main channel of American life which he had so generously purified and deepened in his long lifetime. Not only exiled, but entombed: he could not get a passport to go abroad and express himself.

It must be said that DuBois has been arrogant and made some critical misjudgments. Don't ask me when. I am an intemperate man myself. My explanation is that we ordinary men who bruise easily and do not suffer fools gladly, and *all* prophets, are constitutionally wrong-headed and arrogant. Garrison and Phillips drove with the whiplash of their vituperation every middle-of-the-roader out of their faction of the anti-slavery movement. Theodore Parker was the most hated man of his time among his brethren of the cloth. Perhaps this is the best thing about them, and the element which might have saved the radical movement in this country from its present chaos and futility: the ability to make something monolithic about dissent, instead of the other way around where a thing is said to be monolithic because there is no apparent or permitted dissent and it suddenly falls to pieces like rotten cheese. DuBois was just wrong-headed enough fifty years ago to reverse the direction of a race and demand full equality as a minimum when most Negroes were learning how to be quiet enough not to be lynched.

His own excuse is less flattering. He says:

> My leadership was a leadership solely of ideas. I never was, nor ever will be, personally popular. This was not simply because of my idiosyncrasies, but because I despise the essential demagoguery of personal leadership; of that hypnotic ascendancy over men which carries out objectives regardless of their value or validity simply by personal loyalty and admiration. In my case I withdrew sometimes ostentatiously from the personal nexus, but I sought all the more reterminedly to force home essential ideas.

He is arrogant enough today, after suffering this blight six years ago, in his eighty-third year, not to crawl, to breast-beat, to cry *mea culpa,* and so get himself fumigated, deodorized and acceptable, but rather to sit in solitude, waiting for the American people to rehabilitate themselves in relation to *him* instead of the other way around. This is the way it has to be with prophets. He is in solitude, but not in silence. He is working, and let this be an example to the fearful men of this cardiac age to whom death lurks conspiratorially in the shadow of every peak of tension, emotion or commonplace effort. He has just written a trilogy on Negro history to complete his life's message. The first volume appeared in 1957; the others are to appear this year and next. He is nearly ninety and has endured every variety of abuse, accusation and infamy, and all this with a nature sensitive to an extraordinary degree; endured it for his color, his religion, his politics and most of all for the sheer, cussed unchangeability of his *self.*

TAKE a long look at this man. Historians and text-book writers have a way of making his kind invisible and hanging their laurels on political accidents. I know just how they do it. There is evil and a man challenges it and in the ensuing struggle people find themselves involved, willy-nilly, on his side. And they suffer for it and blame him for calling attention to the evil and in a generation or so he has been transformed into the evil itself.

But this does not have to be. Someday the people in this country will demand that their own records be set straight, and alongside the political accidents, the Presidents and Senators, will go the enduring and usable truths of the American Prophets. Among these Prophets will be W. E. B. DuBois.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Writer Fights Back

Gerald Sykes

MORE is written each year on the shotgun marriage between literature and psychology, but most of it appears in academic and technical publications which few people ever see. Recently William Phillips collected an anthology, *Art and Psychoanalysis*. (See Herbert Marcuse's review, *The Nation*, May 16, 1957.) Both scientists and literary men contributed, among others Sigmund Freud, Erich Fromm, Ernest Jones, Theodore Reik, Fritz Wittels, Thomas Mann, William Empson, William Barrett and Edmund Wilson.

An outstanding feature of the book is the new dignity claimed by the writer for himself. If he once cringed before the indictments of psychoanalysis, if he once meekly concurred in the medical opinion that he was not normal, he has now changed his tune. Both Mr. Phillips and Lionel Trilling make this very clear in *Art and Psychoanalysis*. After recalling that Freud himself in later years moderated his attitude toward the artist, Professor Trilling finds neurosis as prevalent among scientists and businessmen as among writers, and says of the poet, "what indeed suggests nothing but health, is his power of using his neuroticism. He shapes his fantasies, he gives them social form and reference." And Mr. Phillips ends his introduction with "maybe some day the neurotic artist will become a pillar of society."

This is pretty far from what the psychoanalyst Otto Rank wrote in 1932 in *Art and Artist*:

> If [the neurotic] seeks his salvation in artistic creation, instead of in the development of his personality, it is because he is still in the toils of old art-ideologies. . . . Artistic creativity does not, after a point, favor the personality but impedes it, since it forces upon the artist a professional ideology which more and more penetrates the human self and finally absorbs it.

Freud in his early work regarded the artist as an escapist, a neurotic who sought to flee from unpleasant reality by means of "substitute gratifications." He was always heavily respectful of art, however, and wrote: "Unfortunately, before the problem of the creative artist, analysis must lay down its arms." At the age of seventy he acknowledged that literary men had preceded him as discoverers of the unconscious. He never went so far, however, as Mr. Phillips in readmitting the writer to normal society.

There are similar implicit reservations in the statement of his disciple, Franz Alexander, who wrote in *Explorations in Psychoanalysis* (1953):

> The naked unconscious, as it often appears in contemporary art, is not a suitable way of communication. It must go through the prism of the organizing portion of the personality, the conscious ego, in order to become meaningful. The artist eventually will emerge from the surrealist detour through the depths of the unconscious with a new constructive message which he cannot express in this era of doubt and confusion.

This is not quite as drastic as Rank's statement, but it amounts to much the same thing. It may not say, "Writers, stop writing!" but it does say, "Writers, don't expect to write anything good at a time like this." Such counsel is naturally intolerable to writers, who have been hearing it or something like it ever since the Golden Age, and so we come upon essays by Leslie A. Fiedler and Stanley Edgar Hyman, the former appearing in *The Sewanee Review* and the latter in *The Armed Vision*, which indicate ways in which the writer may actually write better because of the new techniques put at his disposal by anthropologists and psychologists. Professor Hyman finds "endless vistas" for better criticism, and Professor Fiedler finds hope even for the poet.

"A final way back into the world of Archetypes," he writes, "available even in our atomized culture, is an extension of the way instinctively sought by the Romantics, down through the personality of the poet, past his particular foibles and eccentricities, to his unconscious core, where he becomes one with all of us in the presence of our ancient Gods, the protagonists of fables we think we no longer believe. . . . We cannot get back into the primal Garden of unfallen Archetypes, but we can yield ourselves to the dreams and images that mean paradise regained."

SINCE THE "archetypes" of C. G. Jung are praised and used by Fiedler, it should be pointed out that Jung believes that the writer's chief problem is that of energy. Most writers, he says in *Modern Man in Search of a Soul*, are dismal failures as human beings because their energy has been foreclaimed by their talent. Genius imposes a discipline of its own which may mean a shocking life but a good book. The writer, knowing that he has only so much energy to spend, quickly learns to channel his into words, not deeds. Therefore we frequently witness the spectacle of a monster who has written a masterpiece because he put his oomph at the disposal of a "collective unconscious" that disregards personal fulfillment. On the other hand, he has the profound satisfaction of serving mankind by tapping common sources of myth, poetry and spiritual reactivation.

This brings us to some of the central problems of the writer today. Does he need psychotherapy, and if he believes he does, how will he stand up under it? Will he lose his demon or reinforce it? Must he be content with paving the way for the "new constructive message" that Alexander hopes for, or can he come through, as Fiedler believes, even

---

GERALD SYKES is the author of The Nice American, The Center of the Stage *and* The Children of Light.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

here and now? If he is about to become a "pillar of society," where will he discover the double energy required for good citizenship *and* intensity of craft? Does this demand a metaphysical initiation as well as a psychological one?

The questions are familiar, and the answers must of course be given separately by separate persons. But a pattern is clear enough in all this discussion: the psychologists show occupational skepticism and the writers show occupational hope. If not hope for the world they live in, at least hope for their own capacity to survive in it—and no more neurotically than anyone else. Their works may not please the scientist, but then, they say, the scientific taste in literature is usually rather old-fashioned. And meanwhile they *are* writing, and an increasingly complex world demands their interpretation.

A STORY about Thomas Mann seems relevant, because it dramatizes the kind of reversal of public position that many writers now hope to achieve. It might be called "Who's Neurotic Now?" It concerns his early autobiographical novelette *Tonio Kröger,* which deals with a writer who did not fit into his native town in northern Germany. Tonio was fond of his school chum, Hans Hansen, but even as a boy he realized that he could never compete with Hans in robustness or acceptance by the world. As they grew up, it was only natural that the beautiful Ingeborg should prefer the strong, normal Hans to the frail, neurotic Tonio.

When he became a man Tonio went south to Munich, worked hard, and won success as a writer. Then he made a lonely return to his old home in the north. He went on to Denmark for a sad holiday and there saw Hans and Ingeborg at a dance. He looked through a window and saw them, as gay as ever, in the very center of the fun. His childhood fears were realized: Hans had got everything he wanted, while Tonio merely looked on.

The story caught the world's imagination. Hans and Tonio became famous as symbols, respectively, of health and neurosis. It was translated into many languages, and its author became rich, famous and "senatorially robust." Then he received the Nobel Prize. To celebrate the occasion he wrote a tiny volume called *A Sketch of My Life* (1930).

There is a passage in that little-known book which has been overlooked. I sometimes wonder if Mann himself fully appreciated its irony. He wrote of early poems "inscribed to a dear friend, the one who as Hans Hansen in *Tonio Kröger,* had a sort of symbolic existence, though in real life he took to drink and made a melancholy end in Africa."

Aside from its frank attempt to

Boom

SEES BOOM IN RELIGION, TOO.

Atlantic City, June 23 (AP).—President Eisenhower's pastor said tonight that Americans are living in a period of "unprecedented religious activity" caused partially by paid vacations, the eight-hour day and modern conveniences.

"These fruits of material progress," said the Rev. Edward L. R. Elson of the National Presbyterian Church, Washington, "have provided the leisure, the energy, and the means for a level of human and spiritual values never before reached."

Here at the Vespasian-Carlton, it's just one
religious activity after another; the sky
is constantly being crossed by cruciform
airplanes, in which nobody disbelieves
for a second, and the tide, the tide
of spiritual progress and prosperity
miraculously keeps rising, to a level
never before attained. The churches are full,
the beaches are full, and the filling-stations
are full, God's great ocean is full
of paid vacationers praying an eight-hour day
to the human and spiritual values, the fruits,
the leisure, the energy, and the means, Lord,
the means for the level, the unprecedented level,
and the modern conveniences, which also are full.
Never before, O Lord, have the prayers and praises
from belfry and phonebooth, from ballpark and barbecue
the sacrifices, so endlessly ascended.

It was not thus when Job in Palestine
sat in the dust and cried, cried bitterly;
when Damien kissed the lepers on their wounds
it was not thus; it was not thus
when Francis worked a fourteen-hour day
strictly for the birds; when Dante took
a week's vacation without pay and it rained
part of the time, O Lord, it was not thus.

But now the gears mesh and the tires burn
and the ice chatters in the shaker and the priest
in the pulpit, and Thy Name, O Lord,
is kept before the public, while the fruits
ripen and religion booms and the level rises
and every modern convenience runneth over;
that it may never be with us as it hath been
with Athens and Karnak and Nagasaki,
nor Thy sun for one instant refrain from shining
on the rainbow Buick by the breezeway
or the Chris-Craft with the uplift life raft;
that we may continue to be the just folks we are,
plain people with ordinary superliners and
disposable diaperliners, people of the stop'n'shop
'n' pray as you go, of hotel, motel, boatel,
the travelers of no deposit no return
and please adjust thy clothing, who will give to Thee,
if Thee will keep us going, our annual
Miss Universe, for Thy Name's Sake, Amen.

HOWARD NEMEROV

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

apotheosize himself (and vindicate himself at the expense of a former hero), I think Mann's sketch is significant of a craving that lurks in many a writer's bosom, especially today when a sinking but prosperous society has developed a vested interest in the maintenance of the arts —the craving for dignity. Mann, who became as conservative as a Swiss banker in his carefully rehearsed public appearances, speaks of it openly as his mainspring. There are present-day colleagues of his who might make a similar confession, if they did not still fear that awful word "bourgeois." It is not money alone that draws so many of them to the academy, nor the status they talk so much about. They now covet the cozy spot being vacated by a demoralized gentry. They want their kids to be respected in a way they were not. It is therefore imperative that they remove the psychologists' smear. (Especially in view of the wackiness they have been observing in the psychologists themselves, the insensitiveness, lack of imagination, etc.)

The best way to achieve their ends is to attack their defamers, which is why even such cautious writers as Phillips and Trilling have moved out of a defensive crouch. It is hard, however, to shake off a transference, and the *Partisan Review* mind that they typify has always been authoritarian. Our anti-intellectuals, middlebrows, roughnecks, and junior Rimbauds have an easier time getting up from the horsehair couch; they never settled down on it. But what they say can be fairly pointless when they don't face the problem. (See Dr. Samuel Beck's letter in rebuttal of Kenneth Rexroth's "Vivisection of a Poet"; *The Nation,* January 11). As our age becomes more conscious, writers may find it easier to pass between the world of will and the world of idea—a passage which they have always made in classic times of full-blooded, felicitous expression. They will then be able to bear the full shock of scientific attack and still come back and pour out the passion and imagery that are their justification. They will be sufficiently bilingual then to *think* in the new Latin which science is slowly providing for our new Dark Ages, but still *write* poetically in the vulgar tongue.

Communiques from Dixie

NEITHER BLACK NOR WHITE. By Wilma Dykeman and James Stokely. Rinehart & Co. 371 pp. $5.

AN EPITAPH FOR DIXIE. By Harry S. Ashmore. W. W. Norton & Company. 189 pp. $3.50.

Harry Golden

"MY GOD, the niggers are in," was the stifled sob of a white woman in Little Rock, as she watched the front door close on the first few Negroes ever to enter Central High School.

But why this cry of abject despair? Why should a workingman from a nearby plant, without taking the time to change his overalls, rush over to the campus of the University of Alabama and shout: "Kill her, kill her," as the Negro student Autherine Lucy took that long walk toward the "admittance" door? Why should a middle-aged wife of a taxi-driver in Charlotte, North Carolina, harass the 15-year-old Dorothy Counts, the lone Negro student admitted to the Harding High School? The woman kept shouting encouragement to the white teen-agers around her: "Spit on her, children, spit on her."

Why?

Only the Southerners themselves can tell us. The reporters and the writers for wire services and national magazines could cover only the "spot" news, the "sensations," but the Southerners —without deadlines—can give us a clue, if not "the answer" itself.

Wilma Dykeman and James Stokely, a husband-wife writing team, have made this valuable contribution to the growing literature on the racial problem of the South; a contribution enhanced by the fact that they are trained reporters and competent writers. What Dykeman and Stokely provide is a full description of the South's last convulsive shudder before finally accepting the Supreme Court decisions to end the legal segregation of the races. And it is significant that the authors write with confidence and good humor. They give the unmistakable impression that it is not themselves, but the vast majority, who are really on the defensive.

In interviews taken in every section of the South, Dykeman and Stokely communicate the deadening sense of hopelessness involved in the segregation of the races, a hopelessness which stems from an awesome waste of wealth and human resources and which has made a torpid mass out of a large section of the deep South. It is at this level that the Dykeman-Stokely book helps remove some of the legends and pretexts. It is not only a matter of a Negro child going to a public school unmolested; it is also a matter, for instance, of the second biggest killer in the South—pregnancy; Negro pregnancy. Five times as many Negro women die in childbirth as do white mothers, and part of this story may be explained by the fact that there are approximately 850 hospital beds serving the white population (per 100,000 in 1954), as against 102 hospital beds for Negroes. With respect to hospital facilities for childbirth, there are per capita more than six times as many bassinets available for white mothers as there are for Negroes. When you realize that the "white" facilities are well below the national average, you'll understand what racial segregation really means. The "massive resistance" fellows talk about "mongrelization" but at another level the problem is really—an earlier death.

HARRY ASHMORE, the embattled editor of the (Little Rock) *Arkansas Gazette* has produced a brilliant and important work. It is only a handful, and you have the impression that the publishers inadvertently omitted "to be continued." Because Ashmore has laid the foundation of what may well be the definitive work on the South in transition: the overthrow of agriculture as the dominant way of life; the tremendous industrialization; the coming of the Northern branch-managers, and the beginning of the end of the two most important features of the twentieth century South—racial segregation and the self-perpetuating political hierarchy. This is the point of Ashmore's penetrating analysis: the South was waiting for leadership, and the leadership never materialized. Ashmore discusses this in terms of the great "calm" that settled over the South after the Supreme Court decision of May 17, 1954; "the other shoe had finally fallen." This "calm" was not lost on the Southern newspapermen, and three governors in widely-scattered state capitals gave precisely the same answer. The "calm," they said, was deceptive; the people

HARRY GOLDEN is editor of the Carolina Israelite.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were merely expressing a quiet confidence that their political leaders would somehow preserve racial segregation. This opinion was contrary to at least one of the known facts—ten Southern cities had initiated surveys and plans in compliance with the decision, but this preliminary work was abandoned when their state capitols sent word to stop the nonsense if they expected to keep intact their school-fund appropriations.

All of this relates to a tradition that political victory comes to him who "hollers Nigra" first—and louder. The late Senator Walter George of Georgia, at the end of a long and honorable career, found it necessary to introduce the Southern Manifesto: "...we regard the decision of the Supreme Court... as a clear abuse of judicial power.... We pledge ourselves to use all lawful means to bring about a reversal of this decision which is contrary to the Constitution...." But that was clearly not enough, and the elderly statesman had to give up without a fight rather than face the dreadful prospect of trading "Nigras" with Herman Talmadge. It is good that Harry Ashmore reminds the Southern Senators and Representatives who signed the Manifesto that they may have cut themselves off forever from any opportunity for "national" public service, like being confirmed for a place on the Supreme Court or for a seat in the cabinet of a Democratic administration.

PART of the terrible burden of being a "segregationist" is that it is *never* enough. You can be known as a "Free Trader," for instance, all of your life and that is all there is to it. But "segregationist" somehow does not stick to the bones; you must renew it with each political campaign and in every precinct; and you must renew it everlastingly with a new vigor, perhaps even with a bit of obscenity if the situation becomes desperate. It may comfort some people to know that Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, "Mr. Dixiecrat" himself, lost his first bid for the Senate, as recently as 1950, because he had decided that a more restrained campaign befitted a former Presidential candidate, but this is one area where you dare not rest on your laurels. It was simply a matter of Senator Olin Johnston shouting it first—and louder. Senator Thurmond's protestations that he was not really "soft on Negroes" came too late to catch up with Johnston's early lead.

And this is all that was involved in the Little Rock situation, which resulted in the Presidential order dispatching a regiment of federal troops to enforce a federal court order. Governor Orval Faubus, hopeful of an unprecedented third term, had heard that a prospective opponent was prepared to "holler Nigra" first—and louder. So the Governor called out the National Guard to prevent the nine Negro students from entering the Central High School to which they had been assigned by the local school board authorities.

It goes deeper than the mere winning of an election. It relates back to the woman who sobbed: "My God, the niggers are in." Somehow that woman feels that the Negro stands between her and social oblivion. The politician, for his part, fears that if the Negro were "taken away" from her, she would have to seek self-esteem elsewhere, perhaps even in the voting booth; in the voting booths by the hundreds of thousands, in the hope that maybe her own son might someday go to Congress. The politician also fears that if the Negro enters "caste" himself, the white man may not only vote by the new hundreds of thousands, but may also seek status within the labor unions. This is by way of parting the curtain for you to see a bit more than the play that is being performed for us.

One could wish that in this great book Harry Ashmore had added a paragraph to his observation that, despite the few incidents that have made the headlines, many Southern communities have integrated their schools without even the hint of a violence that had been promised by the "white supremacy" extremists. Perhaps the attitudes and the actions of the Negroes themselves have had something to do with this phenomenon. And phenomenon it is that some eleven million people, half of whom are semi-literate, haven't done a single thing "wrong." When a house is bombed they say: "Let's go to church and pray for the fellows who bombed the house." And the persistence with which they go to the judge with a new writ every Monday morning is a story that will someday make a proud chapter in the history of the South. Of course, *the South,* because this is a reflection of the humanism which is really at the base of the Southern culture; a humanism born out of Fundamentalist Christianity, and out of the Whig tradition of "public service," and out of the residue of agrarian populism; a humanism that produces Wilma Dykeman, James Stokely and Harry Ashmore.

Max Lerner at Mid-Century

AMERICA AS A CIVILIZATION. By Max Lerner. Simon & Schuster. 1035 pp. $10.

Norman Redlich

IT BECOMES obvious after a few hundred pages that large sections of *America As A Civilization* mirror the views of other writers more than they do those of Max Lerner. Anyone widely read in the social sciences soon feels that he has "been here before." Rather than a fault, however, this is an inevitable consequence of Mr. Lerner's successful attempt to view American civilization in its entirety. No author can possibly offer fresh insight on every aspect of American life, and Mr. Lerner freely acknowledges his debt to others. His related method of submitting chapters to experts in various fields undoubtedly has made for greater accuracy, but it may at the same time explain the watered-down tone of so many sections, where the attempt seems to have been to obtain a synthesis of various viewpoints. Particularly is this true in the sections dealing with American capitalism and business, science, and class structure. Mr. Lerner's ability to fuse so many sources, and to interrelate them with his own ideas, is a feat of scholarly assimilation, but in the process the author frequently fades into the background.

Mr. Lerner does not believe in theories of history, so he cannot place America in a broad historical context. Nor does he seek to emphasize the dominant power of any one group or any one thought pattern. He writes:

> But my own tendency throughout this book is to approach America in terms of its nature as a richly pluralistic society. The pluralisms I find in American stock and regions, in American loyalties, and the American character structure, in religion and the sects, in political and economic life, I find also in the class system and even in the ruling groups.

This frame of reference, together with its related idea of America as an "open-class society," helps to unify what might have been a rambling, disjointed work. Yet the parts still emerge as far more significant than the whole. The excellent

NORMAN REDLICH is a member of the New York Bar.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chapter on the Life Cycle of the American, and the sections on Taste, Morals and Life Goals are remembered more for their particular ideas than for any relation to the pluralisms of American life.

What one misses most in *America As A Civilization* is the sting of incisive thought which readers of Max Lerner have come to expect. It is not that Lerner the Journalist has yielded to Lerner the Scholar, but rather that the scholar has too often yielded to the researcher. William Whyte's brilliant sections on aptitude testing and education in *The Organization Man* may seem unbalanced and non-objective, compared to anything in Mr. Lerner's book. Nevertheless, they revealed essential truths. Mr. Lerner's chapter on education, while it cites the slackness and the extent to which business ideas permeate our colleges, does so with a balanced detachment that dulls the author's main points. Veblen's insights into functioning capitalism, despite some obvious distortions, illuminate our thinking thirty-five years after they were written in *Absentee Ownership*. Lerner's more objective analysis of capitalism is sterile by comparison.

ALTHOUGH *America As A Civilization* is not dominated by a single thesis, its mood is consistent. It generates a feeling of satisfaction with the America that is and an optimism about the America that will be. It should be said in fairness that Lerner has not written an apologia for America, nor attempted to gloss unpleasant problems. His satisfaction and optimism come, not from what he includes or excludes, but from what he emphasizes. A few examples will illustrate.

In describing the American economy, Mr. Lerner indicates that we face serious problems, such as the concentrations of corporate power, their control over public opinion, and the possibility that the "big power structures . . . may prefer a continuing arms economy to the alternative of successive New Deals." He also recognizes the necessity for a more equitable distribution of wealth and for improvement in housing and other areas where poverty mocks our prosperity. But what gives his whole discussion a feeling of relaxed, detached optimism is his explicit conclusion that the basic economic problems of American capitalism have been solved. He feels that the New Deal created the technique to avoid the boom-bust cycle, that "so far as technical and economic problems are concerned, Americans have now adequate knowledge about how to stabilize their economy; the real question is whether they have the political wisdom and the moral courage to take the necessary measures." His final question about the American economy reveals his basic attitude and fears: "America now has prosperity and is likely, unless there is a world catastrophe, to maintain it for decades at least. But where does it go from prosperity?" However interesting may be the problem of "Where does it go from prosperity," a New Deal liberal like Mr. Lerner has become surprisingly well-satisfied with America at mid-century when he feels that American capitalism has finally solved an economic problem which has eluded solution for close to 200 years.

He is also optimistic on radicalism ("Despite the low estate of radical thought during the Cold War era, an intellectual pattern so consistent through American history is likely to find renewal"); on class differences (". . . the modes of life have tended to converge in a large category of middle-class living"); on the role of the military ("With all its pressures to conformity American society offers an unfavorable soil for militarism.").

Toward the end of his book, Mr. Lerner raises important questions about America's relationship to the nations and peoples of the world. I wish that they had been explored further, because they touch on what are fast becoming the most vital issues of our time. In the world-wide competition with communism, Mr. Lerner feels that our greatest asset is not our technology but our democratic vision, our humanism, our concept of an open society. To export this open society "involves a refusal to foreclose the future against any economic doctrine or social system whether capitalist or Socialist, democratic or authoritarian, provided it stays within the spirit and codes of an open world society." Mr. Lerner recognizes that, in our time at least, America has neither been able to export such ideas nor to support the revolutionary dynamism which is moving many areas of the world. He attributes this failure to the fact that America "has allowed itself to be switched off from the main path of its development into the futile dead ends of the fear of ideas and the tenacious cult of property." But, true to his optimism, he concludes with the buoyant hope that America has neither forgotten its idealism nor lost its creative genius, and will demonstrate once again "the plastic strength that has shaped a great civilization."

Perhaps. But Mr. Lerner should have asked whether there might now be a basic conflict between American capi-

Meditation

I grow more mellow, mellow one must be,
Mellow as apples fallen under trees.
One must be mellow, wrestle unity
From out the beguiling chaos of our life,
A whirlpool are the senses and their import nice.
To be master of all those segments,
Those indivisible shatterings of parts,
One needs mellowness, comforts, and the country.

I withdraw old theories, I differ with my old
Philosophies. Money may not be the sixth sense
But it is a tribute to the five.
Fancy, sweet music when the spirit is tired.
Fancy, sweet apricots when the body is weak.
Fancy, strong pictures when the eye is lazy.
Fancy, sweet salt within the bath of flesh.
O fancy roses in a pasture grass.

I withdraw old theories, I scuttle
The Rilke bark! I abjure poverty, famine
(Flaubert spoke manfully, truly, of lying down
With the leper, but did he live other
Than at Rouen on a safe estate? He lay down
With the bourgeoisie. Enough!)

I will lay myself down in a cottage at Woodstock,
And write about the larks and fishes,
Loaves and good dishes, and all things mellow.
My breath catches here, in the cry of the city.
Fountains, release me. Which is to say, give,
Pay, replenish my flesh. Build me a dwelling.

RUTH HERSCHBERGER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

talism and the dynamism which is driving underdeveloped people toward industrial progress. Perhaps the reason why we can no longer export our idealism is that in America it has been inextricably tied to capitalism, whereas in Asia the demand of rapid industrialization may call for social and political structures which can flourish only at the expense of American capitalism and its investments abroad. Rather than posing a dilemma, Lerner seems to imply that American imperialism and revolutionary Asian nationalism can function simultaneously.

As with many of the problems raised in *America As A Civilization*, the question of our relationship to the rest of the world is made to appear close to solution and very much within our power to solve. Mr. Lerner does not trouble us with the seemingly insoluble, the apparent dilemmas, the problems that may be beyond our control as a people. It is this lack of tough-mindedness that makes an otherwise outstanding book so disturbing, for only through a frank recognition of the enormous challenges we face at home and abroad can the civilization which Mr. Lerner describes have the bright future which he so confidently predicts.

Underdeveloped Americans

PRISONERS OF LIBERATION. By Allyn and Adele Rickett. Cameron Associates. 288 pp. $4.75.

Donald S. Taylor

THE RICKETTS went to China in 1948 as Fulbright Fellows, studied Chinese history, philosophy and literature under both regimes and, incidentally, reported to our State Department and later to the British on conditions among students and other intellectuals. They were arrested by the Communist government in 1951 and very shortly confessed to their "espionage." The rest of their four-year imprisonment brought them gradually to accept the Communist view and to realize "the whole sordid rottenness" of "my character" (Mr. Rickett), "that I was selfish, arrogant, bigoted, and sly" (Mrs. Rickett).

Although they felt some physical duress early in their imprisonment, their aptitude for guilt made such treatment almost superfluous. The goading, nagging, bullying and sneering of their captors and fellow-prisoners, capriciously alternated with solicitude and small kindnesses, look at first like gratuitous sadism. It is not long, however, before the Ricketts cease to resent and, with an enthusiasm painful to observe, begin themselves to indulge in the methodical destruction of human dignity's last resort—a man's opinion of himself:

> . . . Jeng Ai-ling [Mrs. Rickett's Cell Leader] suddenly asked, "What have you been thinking about the last couple of hours?"
>
> Tears of self-pity welled in my eyes as I answered, "I've been thinking about all the terrible things the imperialists have done in China."
>
> Jeng Ai-ling exploded, "Filthy spy! You really have all the tricks!" She turned to Mei Chi-yün, "Just look at her, trying to gain our sympathy. She's running true to form." Then back to me, "You don't have a human heart at all. You've got a dog's heart, haven't you?"
>
> Afraid that a denial would bring on a further accusation of obstinancy, I remained silent, head drooping.
>
> "Answer me! You've got a dog's heart, haven't you?"
>
> I nodded and replied in a tiny voice, "Yes, I guess I have."
>
> "Ha!" shouted Mei Chi-yün. "That's a fine thing. Defiling your parents like that. If you're a dog, what does that make them? Really you have the character of a filthy spy!"
>
> Just then the whistle blew. The two women looked at each other hesitantly for a moment and then Jeng Ai-ling said, disgustedly, "Get to bed. And you'd better think about your attitude."
>
> The next two or three days were spent in a struggle to make me face up to those elements in my character which made me one moment cringing and fawning, the next obstinate and defiant. Over and over they resorted to the method of having me stand on the floor two or three hours at a time, hoping that this would stir me to take a serious look at myself.

After four years of such internal and external pressure, the Ricketts were tried, convicted, sentenced and deported. The book is evidence that the self-abasement has persisted.

SOME call this brainwashing. The Ricketts speak of thought reform and education. The publishers, with a wet finger to the winds of intellectual fashion and the jargon of the social sciences, talk of "group techniques strikingly similar to certain experimental techniques being tried in American psychiatry and penology." The book itself suggests something a little less irreproachably experimental and advanced. The Ricketts seem to have moved from conviction of sin to revulsion at self and, finally, to loss of self in something larger and unquestioned, something which absolves one from the painful, uncertain human necessity of making individual moral choices. It is not "group techniques" so much as something very close to another variety of religious experience.

Whatever we choose to call it, the Ricketts testify that it is working basic

DONALD S. TAYLOR teaches English at the University of Washington.

For Rachel

How quietly dawn breaks,
bird song shaken from a tree
the only warning that the
sentinel stars of night
have been relieved and
the window will be found
frost orange.

BRUCE FEARING

A book you'll enjoy

Gerald W. Johnson's

entertaining defense of nonconformists

THE LUNATIC FRINGE

"A brief on behalf of a baker's dozen of American visionaries and madcaps . . . a highly amusing, often very funny, sometimes even raucous sideshow in American history. At a time in history when more of us than usual seem to be thinking dangerously much about what other people will think about what we think, we can thank heaven for Gerald Johnson." — ADLAI E. STEVENSON, *The New Republic*

Among the individuals you'll meet in THE LUNATIC FRINGE in all their wisdom and wackiness are Theodore Roosevelt, Tom Paine, Horace Greeley, Henry George, Governor Altgeld, Carry Nation and Tom Watson.

At all bookstores • $3.95

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

changes in the Chinese character, and they show that the heart of the process is "self-criticism." At the word from above that wrong has been done, all concerned set the self-critical and self-punitive apparatus in motion. The state becomes the stern parent, but the scrutiny and the punishment are left to the precocious child, much as though a father were to say, "Son, I want you to stand there in the corner until you realize what you've done wrong and then I want you to decide on some adequate punishment and carry it out thoroughly." If the child eagerly replied, "Yes, papa," and then went through the whole procedure with something like exhilaration, who would appall us more, father or child?

UP TO this point we may choose to be smug, but this painful book is, nevertheless, honest and useful. Because the bias is constant, naive and novel, we can learn from it much about Communist China. We can also learn much about the Chinese attitude toward us—of the well-founded distrust which will have to be candidly faced and overcome if the Chinese (or Asians and Africans generally) are ever to listen to us. Democracy, we shall have to learn, must be lived, not sold.

More painful still, *Prisoners of Liberation* is strong evidence that democracy has been merely sold here at home and, further, that the Communists are passing us, not only in science and technology, but also in our dearest, most sacred chicanery—our salesmanship. Although much of the book is straight reporting of the Ricketts' exchanges with Chinese intellectuals, interrogators, judges and fellow prisoners, these two highly-educated Americans manage between them less than five full pages in defense of what they now call "Western bourgeois democracy." And even here the defense is petulant, ignorant, frighteningly superficial—not much more than could be picked up by a mediocre student in a high school civics or "Americanism" class. The cloud of witnesses to the dignity of the free individual from Milton to Fromm have said nothing, apparently, to the Ricketts. Could it be that these voices were never heard?

There was in the Ricketts a political, social and moral hunger, and the Communists, though they may not have fed them on the best bread, did not offer them a stone. Social morality, for instance, came to the Ricketts in prison with the force of a new and powerful concept, at once distinguishing Chinese communism from, and setting it above, "self-centered" American democracy. "Our study discussions," writes Mr. Rickett, "provided us with a yardstick to measure the rightness or wrongness of our actions. The yardstick was basic socialist morality. That is to say, what is best for the greatest number of people in a specific historical context determines right from wrong." It was, for the Ricketts, only a step from this to acceptance of the People's Government of China as the repository of final truths about the common good, and only a step further to the self-revulsion just sampled.

But where does the guilt lie? If we cannot teach ourselves a social morality based on the dignity and freedom of the individual, if we cannot bring this morality more rapidly into practice, if we can champion democracy only by exchanging slogans and epithets with the Communists, then why struggle? The value of *Prisoners of Liberation* lies not in its indictment of the Ricketts or of the "education" they underwent, but in its indictment of our own education, even that of our intellectuals. Greater emphasis on science and engineering will not touch this failure. If our citizens can say no more for democracy than the Ricketts said, then democracy has become inert and valueless for them.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS did well to have his long one-act play, *Suddenly One Summer* — preceded by a short one, *Something Unspoken*—produced at the new York Playhouse. (The two plays are billed under the general title, *Garden District.*) The plays will engender a more sympathetic reaction in the intimacy of an off-Broadway theatre than would have been likely in the greater market.

Not that the plays are negligible. Both plays, representing marginal efforts by a leading dramatist, merit our attention. Though the longer and distinctly more interesting play has about it the fascination of a cleverly contrived horror story, its purpose is more ambitious. Yet I cannot help feeling that it is a transitional piece—an incisive dramatic summation of certain phases of the playwright's thought. It says in somewhat camouflaged symbols what Williams has said elsewhere, notably in *A Streetcar Named Desire* and in one of his short stories.

There are two main threads of meaning in *Suddenly Last Summer.* On the one hand, Williams presents a pure person who is victimized and confined to an insane asylum for daring to tell a truth abhorrent and inimical to the powers that be. (This symbolizes the artist in our time.) The wealthy Southern lady of the play plans to have the poor girl's brain operated on, to extirpate from her mind the memory and knowledge of what she has witnessed. This is a more lurid image of Blanche du Bois' history in *Streetcar.*

Then there is the story the girl tells about the wealthy lady's son, an effete "poet," reared in the hothouse of his mother's home, a super aesthete, a weakling and a pervert. (Why must all homosexuality in the theatre always be ascribed to the influence of over-possessive mothers, and why must homosexuals be effete? There are a great many vigorous and creative ones—in the world.) The boy in the play is destroyed by the evil he has fostered; he is literally consumed, *eaten*, by a ban of starved little monsters—the delinquent poor of a Spanish beach resort. That is the second symbol—a retributive one.

Williams, it seems, has been made morbidly conscious of the horror and violence of certain of his plays. Has it not occurred to those who find fault with him on this score that some of the greatest literature — Sophocles, Euripides, Shakespeare, Strindberg, Dostoevsky, etc.—has been far more violent? There is no reason why the blackest violence, cruelty, disease and dismay should not be the subject of drama. What is important, in this area as with other subjects, is the content and ultimate significance of the violence. If critics cannot tolerate unpleasant subjects in contemporary plays, they should disqualify themselves as critics; and if an author feels obliged constantly to apologize for his absorption with the material of his experience or feelings when they are generally harsh, he must despair of maturing as an artist.

Many people who were shocked by *Orpheus Descending*—most of which is characterized by a real pity for people who live in what we recognize as a socially violent environment—are far less troubled by *Suddenly Last Sum-*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mer because it is basically abstract and far less real than any of Williams' former plays, except the frankly allegoric *Camino Real*. The present play is undoubtedly very well written—is that anything new for Williams?—and compactly constructed. But there is no character with anything like the richness of Blanche or Kowalski or a number of the minor characters in *Orpheus Descending*. The new play is a product of a general concept and shrewd theatre technique rather than of living experience—except possibly that of the author's experience, suddenly last spring, with the critics. It is therefore melodrama, a recapitulation in sensational terms of themes which have been far more vitally expressed in the author's previous work.

The play is well acted, and so, in a lesser degree, is *Something Unspoken*. This is a sketch of a strange tie between a woman who compensates for her affective frustrations by collecting provincial honors and by stupidly exercising power over another woman too defenseless to find a means of resistance in their arid world. The play is very slight but not without a meaning which extends beyond its fable. Hortense Alden and Ann Meacham play their leading roles well, and Alan Nixon is very good in a well-drawn bit part. The setting by Robert Soule and the lighting by Lee Watson for the long play are notably good; the whole evening is well managed by its director Herbert Machiz.

SINCE I wrote here of Eugene Ionesco's *The Chairs*, which I saw in London last June (*The Nation*, July 6, 1957) and which is being presented for two weeks at the Phoenix in the identical production admirably directed by Tony Richardson and acted by the delightfully remarkable Joan Plowright (of the original cast) together with Eli Wallach who does a splendid job, I shall do no more than declare my enthusiasm for this short play.

What Ionesco achieves here is the creation by simple but extremely ingenious means of a sense of the loneliness, the torment, the aching inconsequentiality, the crushed tenderness typical of the ambiance which produced existentialism. Symbols are employed, but they are piquant symbols, fresh and entertaining in themselves. The play is very funny and ineradicably sad. I do not share the author's view of life, but because he is an artist and a master of a novel theatre language I applaud him. The setting for *The Chairs* by Jocelyn Herbert, influenced by certain trends of modern art, is subtly right and inconspicuously effective.

Companion piece to *The Chairs*, *The Lesson*, is a sort of macabre farce in which Joan Plowright again appears with charming results. It is a less consummate play than *The Chairs*, but it too has its brilliance. Like *The Chairs*, *The Lesson* is said to be a parable which illustrates man's inability to communicate with his fellow man. That may be so. I also see in *The Lesson* a satire on the lunacy of certain types of learning. I do not insist on this, however, for both plays suggest several ideas—none of them "arithmetically" exact. This ambiguity intrigues rather than irritates me. For I am often inclined to agree with Cocteau's quip, "In art every value which can be *proved* is vulgar."

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

LEONARD BERNSTEIN'S first two weeks on the podium of the New York Philharmonic brought a breath of fresh air into Carnegie Hall, and an unmistakable flutter of excitement. Part of the excitement was due, of course, to his appointment as the orchestra's chief director next season. That, plus his reputation as a composer, pianist and dashing guy drew standing-room-only crowds, and if my eavesdropping was accurate, many of the customers were people, young and old, who had not previously been symphony fans.

All this was to the good. But more pertinent was the fact that Bernstein brought to bear on his first performances some qualities of mind and of musical spirit which intimate well for the future of the Philharmonic and its artistic tone. As a minor innovation, he rearranged the orchestra's seating pattern, changing its acoustical relationship to the hall and its aural texture. Then he imposed upon the orchestra his own conception of what an ensemble should sound like—a conception that seemed to fall somewhere between the balanced, mat-surface sound of the Boston Symphony, and the sleek, massed, chrome-plated tone of the Philharmonic as it has formerly sounded. The ensemble seems smaller, but more sentient. When it needs to make noise, it can produce a great plenty. But it is not eternally constrained to hardness and gargantuanism. By leaving air-spaces between the inner strands of sound, and by thinning down the strands themselves, the fabric of the orchestra has been lightened and considerably sensitized.

Among the works played on the first two weeks' programs, those in which I felt that Bernstein showed his individuality the most clearly, were Strauss's *Don Quixote*, which occupied the principal position in the first week, and Mendelssohn's *Italian Symphony*, which opened the program on the second Thursday evening. Shostakovitch's *Piano Concerto No. 2* and David Diamond's *Symphony No. 4* were also played, but they fall into another category and I shall speak of them later.

Don Quixote is a very difficult piece. *All* the Strauss orchestral works are difficult, and conductors love them be-

FREE WRITER'S MARKET LIST

If you're interested in writing fiction or articles for leading magazines or book publishers, Daniel S. Mead, the prominent literary agent, has prepared a catalogue of markets which is a "must" item.

It's a complete list of magazine and book publishers for aspiring authors, with addresses and telephone numbers. Tells you where to send your manuscript. For your free copy of this valuable reference aid, write to:

DANIEL S. MEAD, Dept. N-13
419 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

$1600 CASH Awards plus 40% royalty. All types of manuscripts invited.

Best Book Contest for 1958

For Contest rules and details of famous publishing plan, write for Brochure N.
Pageant Press, 101 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 3

AUTHORS WANTED BY N. Y. PUBLISHER

New York, N. Y.—One of the nation's largest book publishers is seeking manuscripts of all types—fiction, non-fiction, poetry. Special attention to new writers. If your work is ready for publication, send for booklet No. 103—It's free. Vantage Press, Inc., 120 West 31st Street, New York 1, New York.

GUITARS – RECORDERS
LUTES – 5-STRING BANJOS

Music and methods for RECORDER and CLASSICAL GUITAR. Free catalog sent on request. Visit our new shop at 106 MacDougal St., New York 12 from 2-11:30 p.m. daily except Sunday.

CORTESANO INSTRUMENT CO.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cause, in addition to being masterworks in their genre, they make a fine splash, providing patent evidence of a director's technical skill. I was not surprised, therefore, to find this work on Bernstein's first program, particularly since I knew that he had studied at the Curtis Institute where Fritz Reiner, a Strauss specialist, had been a teacher. But I *was* surprised at the clear-eyed and iconoclastic reading Bernstein gave the work. Gone was the velour of *dix neuf cent*. Gone was fat and flatulence. What came forth was thoroughly rejuvenated Strauss, a composer who possessed such virtuosity that he could spread on colors with the palm of his hand, a fingertip, or the edge of a razor-blade and make them mix or stand clear as he willed. The score of *Don Quixote* was as clear to my ear as if I had been reading it with my eyes. It was acrid, angular, violent, intensely contrapuntal — all the things Strauss must be. But, beyond this, it was *modern*. The plush of Victorianism, which even Reiner allows to remain upon this music, was scraped away, and I kept thinking that here, finally, was a period piece being released from its period limitations.

With Mendelssohn's *Italian Symphony*, Bernstein adopted a different posture. Here, the scale was kept small. No instruments were dropped from the orchestra, but the frame of reference was reduced in size as surely as it is reduced in the theatre when a curtain is lowered half-way between the proscenium and the stage floor. The opening *Allegro Vivace* was taken at an unusually lively clip. How it escaped the feeling of hurry, I cannot explain. But it was not hurried; the nuances of accent, the tiny stresses which lift a fragment of theme to the level of consciousness, were accomplished with such elegance and élan that they pricked the heart with unsentimentalized beauty. The final *Saltarello* was a veritable frenzy — a Mendelssohnian frenzy—but a frenzy nonetheless. The slower movements of the *Symphony*, although sensitively and thoughtfully interpreted, were frailer in impulse. I suspect that slow, classic-romantic movements are not at present Bernstein's strongest suit. I also suspect that six months with his own orchestra will change that situation.

NOW, to speak of the newer works played on these programs. There was, first of all, David Diamond's *Symphony No. 4*, which was last heard in New York ten years ago, when it was played by the Juilliard orchestra. The work was splendidly read, but a total disappointment. In comparison with the composer's later *Sixth Symphony*, which the Boston Symphony played here last season, this is sheer drivel. I suppose it represents the inevitable genuflection that a composer makes, in his beginnings, to the style prevailing at his conservatory. But I could not find a single salient passage among the miles of bland, aimless melodies and harmonies.

Shostakovitch's *Piano Concerto No. 2*, while certainly one of his less arresting works, was several cuts above the Diamond. Written for the composer's nineteen-year-old son, a pianist, it has a charming first movement in which the little, ingenuous tunes seem almost programmatically affectionate and playful, as a son might seem to his father. From their intellectual content, though, it would seem that the son was about ten or eleven, rather than nineteen. The second and third movements are quite vapid, but Bernstein, as soloist-conductor, carried the work off with zip enough to make it relatively painless, even in its weak moments.

MEETINGS

LECTURE
Topic: AMERICAN SOCIALISM: Retrospect and Prospect
Speaker: Max Shachtman, Nat. Chm., Independent Socialist League
FRIDAY — JAN. 24 — 8:30 P.M.
114 West 14 Street, N.Y.C.

Forums:
THE AMERICAN SCENE
Jan. 26—Liberal Mythology of the New Deal
Feb. 2—Critiques of U.S. Foreign Policy
Feb. 9—The Prospects Before Labor
Sundays at 7:30 P.M.
114 West 14 St., N.Y.C. Contribution 25c
Sponsored by:
THE YOUNG SOCIALIST LEAGUE

Buy Your Books
through THE *Nation*

Nation readers can avail themselves of our offer to send them any book at the regular retail price post-free if payment is received with the order, or at the retail price plus postage if the book is sent C.O.D. No C.O.D.'s outside the United States. When ordering, please give name and author and publisher, if possible.

Please address your orders to
Miss O. LePach
THE READER'S SERVICE DIVISION
333 Sixth Ave. New York 14, N. Y.

LETTERS

(*Continued from inside cover*)

that if they were really as interested as they made out to be in my being CREATIVE, then they ought to just take some of that money they've got to light Bunsen burners with and send it along to me to be CREATIVE with. (CREATIVE: you know, like a chemist or an executive.) I sent the letter to a few friends, for the laughs.

If only I'd had Mr. Beck's letter to explain to me that all this is really in the cause of Science. To remind me that Science and Art are different, and that while Art must be forgiven its temperament, because of the great truths it . . . you know . . . any activity that can call itself scholarly and can slip under the heading marked "Science Says" is in the interests of Humanity and all. Obviously this is why Mr. Rexroth's article will be a "bracing shot in the arm to the anti-intellectualists" — this did puzzle me at first, till I realized that Mr. Beck, the Assessors, and the Science Says-ers *are* the "intellectualists," of course. Gee, Mr. Beck. You can be so convincing, so broad. You remind me on the one hand of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and on the other of an image of Blake's (if you and the Institute of Personality Assessment and Research haven't got going on him yet, let the suggestion be my contribution to Science for this year) about the "horses of instruction." The lions of wrath, Blake said, are wiser. Still, these horses, let's be fair. They have their horse's mouths, presumably. And their horse's—oh well, Mr. Beck claims a taste for poetry, no doubt he knows about metaphor.

W. S. MERWIN

Boston, Mass.

Who Has the Power?

Dear Sirs: What folly to say that, with sputnik, the preponderance of military power has passed to the Russians! The balance of power, if we ever had it, is lost all right. But the Russians haven't gained it. Such a preponderance exists only when one state can, by war, enforce its will upon another. But modern war—as both Eisenhower and Khrushchev have acknowledged—means mutual suicide. Can you force a dead adversary to do your will—especially when you are very dead yourself?

The new era of total destructiveness forces us to new concepts—and a new diplomacy.

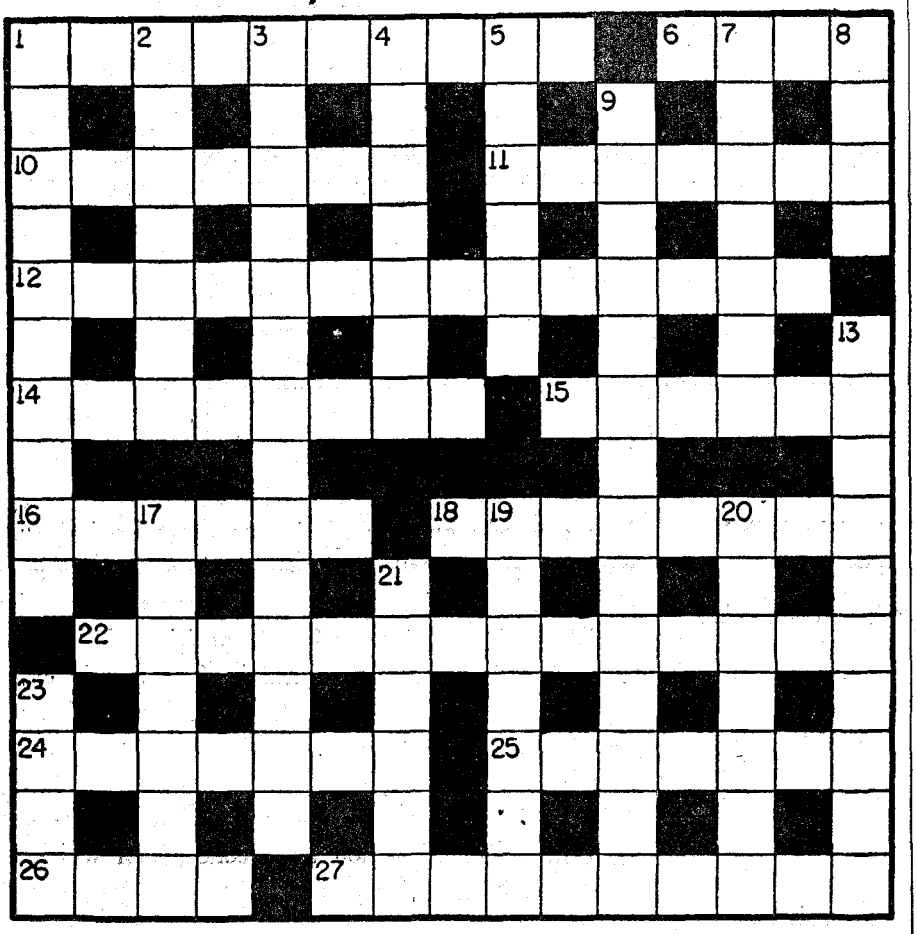
HORACE B. ENGLISH

Columbus, Ohio

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 756

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Might prevent one wave from breaking over another. (7, 3)
6 and 8 down What happened after detailing operations? The field may have been left thus! (8)
10 Warning put in back, inside the engine. (7)
11 Rather unadorned but fruitless 13, following 14, but not in art. (7)
12 Can mica and 25 combine to make it? (7, 7)
14 Run it as a foreign product? (8)
15 She has trouble following the sort of men you can catch this way! (6)
16 This could be the real thing! (6)
18 Rates met by a union man, perhaps. (8)
22 Sort of square car that takes some convincing to hook up. (As you might say, it's audible to the ear.) (14)
24 A topic a cook might be familiar with. (7)
25 Concerning subsequent behavior of the teller? (7)
26 See 23 down
27 The way teams get equal ranking? (4, 2, 4)

DOWN:

1 The open carriage crashes in the airplane, leaving quite a hole. (4, 6)
2 The number of workers who live in? (7)
3 It might be rather pertinent to air this construction in the light of judgment. (14)
4 Travel to the brook with a gangster, perhaps. (7)
5 They no longer go with excursions! (6)
7 Molasses keeps a century and a half in wood! (7)
8 See 6 across
9 Stormy, in a local way, and enormously large. (14)
13 Brought down by a famous American cutter. (6, 4)
17 Related to one who might 15 the game. (7)
19 Go, when engulfed in off-green? It implies much too much if you do! (7)
20 His name might be on your book list, too. (7)
21 You can't get to talk a little bit without having something like salt. (6)
23 and 26 Is it unreasonable to find the left side of the check produced? (8)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 755

ACROSS: 1, 5 across, 13 and 30 down TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR; 9 TREATED; 10 AUDIENT; 11 SAT; 15 SCHIST; 16 EXTINCT; 17 RAYS; 19 SETS; 20 ORDINANCE; 23, 21 across, 5 down, 4, and 31 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL; 28 FACING; 29 DELUGE; 30 SEW; 32 LOOKOUT; 33 EDIFICE; 34 SPENSER; 35 LEECHES. DOWN: 1 TATTLER; 2 INERTLY; 3 KETTLE; 6 INDUCT; 7 KHEDIVE; 8 ESTATES; 12 ALIENABLE; 14 EXUDING; 15 SCENTED; 18 SOL; 19 SEA; 21 WAFFLES; 22 LACTOSE; 24 LOUTISH; 25 SHEKELS; 26 SNOODS; 27 DEFILE.

RECORDINGS

SAVE ON ALL LP's

- Factory Fresh
- Including hard to get items
- Fast Service • Careful Packing

Write for free catalog

DISCOUNT RECORD SERVICE
Box 175, Radio City Sta., N. Y. 19

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS

Complete Personality Analysis from Your Handwriting
Fee $5.00
ALFRED KANFER
62 Leroy St., New York 14, N. Y.
Endorsed by scientific authorities, hospitals, insurance companies, colleges, psych. journals.
Recipient of research grants.

RESORT

50 Miles to FOREST HOUSE
Near enough for a weekend, fine enough for a season's stay. Luxury and comfort in a fireproof building. AIR-CONDITIONED and ELEVATOR-SERVICED . . . Unexcelled cuisine. Tops for sports. Nat Manners Orchestra; Benito & Gloria, dance team . . . Sophisticated entertainment.

FOREST HOUSE
Lake Mahopac, N.Y. • Tel. Mahopac 8-3449
In N.Y.C. Phone (local rate): FAirbanks 5-7227

PERSONALS

UNIVERSE INSIDE ME, by Lawrence Barth —**NORMAN MAILER** says of this unusual book: "Passages of beauty and unembarrassed eloquence." **MILLEN BRAND** says: "Fresh, exciting—like reading Whitman in prose form." Explores body's place in nature, in man's irrational society. $2; **Lawrence Barth, Box 99E, Village Station, N.Y.C.**

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail price! $10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Unconditional money-back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven N. Williams, Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

Camp Counselors
Married or single man and woman—21 to 30 years, very small co-ed Maine camp specializing in bright emotionally disturbed children. **Box 446, c/o The Nation.**

SECRETARY—Experienced, capable, mature woman desires position where conscientiousness, adaptability, pleasing personality are important. Excellent personal and business references. **Box 447, c/o The Nation.**

HI-FI PORTABLE PHONOGRAPH, 4 Speeds with NEW G.E. VRII Reluctance Cartridge. $69.95 Value. **SPECIAL $39.95.** Standard Brand Dist., 143 Fourth Avenue (13th & 14th Sts.). N. Y. GR 3-7819. **1 hour free parking.**

Advertising Rates

CLASSIFIED
74c a line (6 words)
Three-line minimum

CLASSIFIED DISPLAY
$7.42 per inch (minimum)

***The* NATION**
333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y.
CHelsea 2-8400

Printed in the U. S. A. by RCR Publication Printers Corp., N. Y. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PEACE . . . *anyone?*

—EVERYONE!

Significantly, *The Nation* published C. Wright Mills's "Program for Peace" on Pearl Harbor Day.

That week we stood alone editorially. The country's press was otherwise hysterically engaged, seeing Peace only as a distressed damsel with sputniks in her hair.

Yet in hardly more than a month, we welcomed aboard such colleagues in communications as *Look* magazine with its articles by Bertrand Russell, Walter Lippmann and Paul Hoffman; CBS News airing Senator Humphrey's views; Mike Wallace and his sponsor, Philip Morris, who broadcast statements by peace-prize winners Lester Pearson, Sir John Boyd-Orr and others who were honored as Nobel Prize winners at a dinner in New York.

In short, sputnik hysteria *can* be replaced by sputnik sanity in America.

You can rely on *The Nation* to exert its influence with America's intellectual leaders—in and out of government. Future issues will demonstrate that America can deal with coexistence from a position of strength. That America can surpass Russia *(not merely catch up)* by advancing concrete proposals for positive action looking toward Peace.

The Nation does not now — and will not ever — accept mutual annihilation as a concept on which to base American foreign policy.

Are you responding to the present urgency by asserting *your own* responsibility for the future? You will find in *The Nation* that kind of responsibility—the determination to replace the despair of mass suicide by a leadership of men and ideas.

THE NATION

THE NATION, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14
Please send THE NATION

☐ One Year, $8 ☐ 6 Months, $4
☐ Two Years, $14 ☐ Three Years, $20
☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me
(Canadian and Foreign Postage $1 a year extra)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

1-25-58

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED